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BURT OLSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOL. XXXV.

SMETHPORT, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1898.

NO. [illegible]

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Daniel H. Hastings.
Lieutenant Governor—Walter Lyon.
State Treasurer—James S. Beacom.
Auditor General—Levi G. McCauley.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—James Latta.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—A. G. Olmsted, Coudersport.
Additional Law Judge—Thomas A. Morrison, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. W. Stone, Warren.
State Senator—Walter T. Merrick, Blossburg.
Members of Assembly—Herman H. North, [illegible], Bradford.
District Attorney—Sheridan Gorton, Smethport.
Sheriff—J. F. Davis, Smethport.
Prothonotary—G. W. Mitchell, Bradford.
County Treasurer—F. B. Clark, Bradford.
Commissioners—Wm. A. Young, Smethport; [illegible] Kane; Thomas F. Hungerford, [illegible].
[illegible] Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Auditors—Walter Ostrander, Wm. Brooder, [illegible] W. Freeman, J. L. [illegible], Jr.
[illegible]—A. R. Cory, Coryville.
Mercantile Appraiser—B. F. Cory, Coryville.
[illegible] H. B. Sherman, Kendall Creek.
[illegible] E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—L. E. Hogarth.
Council—C. Young, president; Worley Gifford, secretary; J. Colegrove, treasurer; Carl [illegible] Chadwick, Ed. Hungerford, Chas. [illegible]
[illegible]—B. L. Knapp, W. S. Clark.
[illegible]—H. L. Burlingame.
School Directors—John Forrest, D. C. Young, [illegible] Morrison, S. K. Mayo, D. M. Olmsted, [illegible]
[illegible]—K. F. Daly.
[illegible]—Francis Freeman.
[illegible]—S. Mayo, John Eastman, Oscar Hungerford.
Judge of Election—Carl [illegible].
Inspectors of Election—C. H. Burlingame, Jas. [illegible]

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7½ o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
SHERIDAN GORTON, W. M.
A. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets every evening at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. [illegible] work Initiatory degree 1st meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, 2d degree on third, and 3d degree on fourth meetings.
D. L. HAVEN, N. G.
H. M. CHOATE, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. [illegible] meets the First and Third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
E. G. FELTON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

[illegible] Rebekah Lodge, No. 60, I. O. O. F. Meets every Monday evening at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MARY L. LYMAN, N. G.
MARIE [illegible], Sec'y.

G. A. R.—McKean Post No. 347, meets First and Third Thursday evening, of each month at [illegible], in the Odd Fellows Hall.
S. K. MAYO, Com.
[illegible] BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets Thursday afternoon at A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
MRS. KATE L. WRIGHT, Pres.
Mrs. Rose Patrick, Sec'y.

KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN AND MALTA—Keystone Encampment, No. 77, meet 1st and 3d [illegible] evening in Backus Hall.
B. L. KNAPP, Em. Com.
W. H. [illegible], Chancellor.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 143, meets 2nd, fourth and last Tuesday evenings of each month in the A. O. U. W. Hall, Backus Block.
SHERIDAN GORTON, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

[illegible] T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 3, meets [illegible] Monday evening at 7:30 in A. O. U. W. [illegible] Block.
WASHINGTON BLAKE, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 46. Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Backus Block, Tuesday afternoon.
MRS. ANNA E. GIFFORD, Com.
[illegible] GIFFORD, R. K.

[illegible] B. A.—Smethport Branch [illegible], meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. hall, Backus Block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday afternoon at 3 p. m., in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. D. L. FORSYTHE, Pres't.
MRS. M. B. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. M. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 26, meets on [illegible] and Third Wednesday evenings of each month in Backus Hall.
JONATHAN COLEGROVE, Pres.
MRS. ANNIE E. [illegible], Sec'y.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—I. T. WALKER, D. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 3 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. Young converts' meeting Tuesday 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday 7:30 p. m.

Baptist.—REV. T. R. TAYLOR, pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Bible school directly after morning services. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evenings at 7:30. Young People's prayer meeting at 7:00 every Sunday evening. Covenant meeting Saturday before the first Sunday in each month at 2 o'clock p. m., and the Lord's supper the first Sunday of every second month. All welcome.

Episcopal—J. HOBART MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. [illegible] service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.

[illegible] Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. REV. J. HOBART MCCANDLESS, Rector. Services every Sunday at 3:00 p. m. Sunday school 2:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets Friday at 10 a. m.

[illegible] Catholic Church.—Rev. Michael [illegible], pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on alternate Sunday at Smethport and [illegible].

[illegible] Services at King's Corners school house, Smethport, every Sunday. Sunday school 3 p. m. Preaching at 3:30 p. m. by Rev. Taylor.

[illegible]—REV. W. [illegible], Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m., 7:00 [illegible] Sunday school at 11:30 a. m.; Class [illegible], 10 a. m. and after evening preaching; [illegible] Meeting, Saturday 1:30 p. m. All invited.

[illegible] church—J. M. Leach, pastor. Services every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.; Sunday school [illegible] p. m.; Gospel Service Wednesday evening. All are invited.

Professional Cards.

Attorneys.

R. B. Stone.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Office: [illegible] Hall, Bradford, Pa.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office [illegible] Residence, Main Street. Smethport, Pa. All legal business attended to promptly.

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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. [illegible] Main Street, Smith Building. Bradford, Pa.

C. E. Judd.
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Over 19 Main street, Davis Block, Bradford, Pa. Dec. 20, 1894.

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ALL GOODS GUARANTEED STRICTLY PURE

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office in Gallup Building, Main street. Residence in T. D. Nash house, Smethport, Pa.

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Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
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JAMES McGUIRE, Prop'r.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

CHAUTAUQUA HOUSE
Main street, Smethport, Pa., Daniel Bason, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the county. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

THE FLEMING HOTEL,
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This Hotel has been recently built and is newly furnished throughout in the latest style. First-class accommodations for the traveling public.
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Having purchased the above, we have refitted and refurnished it throughout and are now prepared to cater to the wants of the public in an up-to-date manner. The finest wines, liquors and cigars always in stock.

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ROBERT GRAVES, Prop'r.
RATES, $1.50 PER DAY. Olean, N. Y.
OPPOSITE W. N. Y. & P. DEPOT.
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First-class in every respect. Bar is supplied with the best wines and liquors. European plan.

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Well supplied Bar.
Reasonable Rates.

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Next door to Gallup's Store, Main St.
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In the latest style of art.
None but first-class workmen employed.
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BATH ROOMS ATTACHED.

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This is the season of Robes and Blankets and I have the best that can be found.

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Rooney's is the Place
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Fresh, Salt or Smoked
MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fruit and Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
J. F. ROONEY, Smethport, Pa.

SPEECH.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look out for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, or interest, or please,
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

MR. PHILIP BROWN.

Helen Armstrong closed her satchel and gathered together the scattered belongings that had accumulated during her long trip west; she drew on her gloves and rearranged her hat and veil, for not the first time in the last half hour. She knew that the train speeding on was surely, rapidly bringing her to Crimson Creek; in a few minutes more she would be in her father's embrace.

How she had begged to join her father; she had endeavored to convince him how unhappy she was away from him and how much to their mutual advantage her presence at the Crimson Creek mine would be. At last she wrung a promise from him that she should go to him at the end of her course in the school.

John Armstrong was ever an indulgent father and he gave his consent to a plan that coincided with his own desires, but he gave it unwillingly, knowing how hard the life would be to Helen, who could not realize the privations that would be hers in a small mining camp.

The train slackened its speed, the friendly porter came to help Helen off with her hand luggage and in a moment she found herself on the platform in front of a miserable-looking station decorated with the sign "Crimson Creek." She gazed around seeking the dear familiar figure she had pictured all these last few days, but instead she saw advancing toward her a tall, brown-bearded man. He lifted his hat courteously and said in accents which little accorded with his rough mining dress: "Miss Armstrong, I presume; I am Philip Brown."

"Oh, are you Mr. Brown?" she asked, almost rudely. "Where is papa? I thought, of course, he would be here." Her voice trembled.

"I know it must be very disappointing, but he couldn't come, it was impossible—he is sick."

"I never knew him to be sick before," she said, half dazed.

"It is very sudden. He seemed quite well up to a day or two ago, but yesterday morning the stroke came, I mean, you know—oh, don't be alarmed, Miss Armstrong—I—we all hope for the best."

Philip broke off, feeling utterly helpless as he saw the tremulous lip, and the blue eyes filling with tears. Philip silently helped her into the wagon that was to conduct them to the mine and it was only after they had left the desolate station a half-mile behind that the silence was broken.

"Mr. Brown, please tell me all about it," Helen said; her voice sounded hard and cold, even to her own ears; she felt stunned and numb and was conscious of an unreasonable dislike for this strong, bronzed man beside her.

Philip told her how he had found Mr. Armstrong lying in an unconscious state the morning before. He did not mention that he had ridden miles at a breakneck speed to the telegraph station in order to summon the doctor in time for the evening train, nor that all night he had sat by the bedside of his friend, watching the faintest signs of returning consciousness until just at daybreak, before he had started to meet Helen, his vigil had been rewarded by a few broken sentences from the stricken man.

"Helen—Philip—Helen — go before it's too late; bring my little girl."

When Philip paused Helen asked firmly, though her face was white:

"Is it the end?"

Philip for one moment hesitated, but as he looked down into her questioning eyes he could but answer the truth.

"I fear so, but I hope we will be in time."

At last Helen knelt by the side of her father's bed.

"Papa! Papa! Dear daddy!" she cried as she kissed her father and the sick man smiled contentedly as he answered, "Daughter."

Philip and the doctor left the room and Helen laid her soft young cheek against her father's face and clasped his hand almost fiercely, as if to hold him back. He read her thoughts and answered: "It's no use, little girl, I am going; it was only the thought of seeing you kept me here this long."

"No, no, papa; don't leave me!"

"Be brave, Helen; I'll leave you in good hands, dear; the fortune hunters won't get you."

It seemed to Helen that his mind must be wandering.

"Call Philip, Helen, I must speak to him."

She called him, reluctantly.

"Did you wish me, sir?"

"Yes, Philip, my boy, I wish you." His voice was growing weaker each breath. "I wish you to take care of my little girl; I am dying and I can't leave her alone in the world; she must have someone who has a right to guard her. You are the only man to whom I could trust her. Will you marry Helen?"

"Mr. Armstrong, dear, kind friend that you have been to me, your wishes are my laws. I will take care of your daughter, always." [illegible] his only thought was for his friend [illegible].

[illegible]

"I am [illegible] marry any one."

"It is my [illegible] wish [illegible] know you have a preference. Call Philip, bring some one to perform the ceremony, my time is getting short."

Indeed, Helen already regretted her remonstrance as she looked at the pallid face of her beloved father, and during Philip's brief absence she said no more but caressed him whose lifelong care had made her forget that she was motherless.

Just as the sun was setting Philip and Helen were married at the side of John Armstrong's bed. As the last words were said a peaceful, happy smile illuminated the face of the dying man and grasping a hand of each he said, "God bless you!" and passed away.

The memory of that hour remained with Helen many a day; the utter strangeness of her surroundings added to her desolation. Philip saw to her physical comfort, but dared not offer a word of consolation to the girl, whose sorrow seemed crushing. She appeared not to be aware of his existence and only answered in monosyllables any remark he made.

"You will return to New York, I presume?" he said as they walked back from the lonely grave after the burial.

"Yes, immediately," Helen answered.

In the early spring of the following year, Helen went to Old Point Comfort with the mother of her dearest school friend, Louise Horton, with whom she has made her home since her father's death.

She found herself growing brighter and happier, the change and out-door life doing her much good.

One morning as she was riding over the long bridge that connects Old Point with the village of Hampton, she passed a man who looked at her very steadily for a moment. He was tall, rather dark, clean shaven and well dressed.

"By Jove, it's Helen, as sure as I am alive!" he exclaimed. "I hadn't hoped to see her so soon," he thought; "my boat has been in an hour and I have been putting off the evil moment of sending up my card; I fear she won't receive me very warmly."

Suddenly he saw her dismount and examine her wheel. She looked about hopelessly and seemed to be at a loss to know what to do. Philip hurried toward her and said: "May I be of any service to you?"

"Oh, thank you. I am afraid I have punctured one of my tires," she replied, and Philip was surprised at her beauty as she turned her face toward him. "I am not an expert wheelwoman. I hardly know what to do."

"Do you carry a repair outfit? I may be able to mend it."

"Why, I don't know; there are lots of things in that little satchel, perhaps there is a repair outfit."

Philip could scarcely repress a smile at the woeful ignorance of this young woman in regard to her wheel, but he looked into the "little satchel" and brought to light tools with which to mend the tire. While he was busying himself about it, he thought of his peculiar position. There he was gallantly assisting his own wife. He saw that she did not recognize him in his changed dress and shaven face, and he was glad that she did not, as he felt sure that she would not have smiled so brightly or talked so pleasantly had she known.

"Do you ride much? Don't you think you ought to learn what to do in case of accidents?"

"I am a beginner and I never go far from the hotel yet. I suppose I ought to learn about my wheel, but I don't believe I am a mechanical genius," she laughed. "It's really much nicer to have some one do it for me."

"I hope I may always be so fortunate as to appear at the right moment."

Helen drew herself up to her full height of five-feet-four and replied as coldly as she could: "Thank you very much; it is finished, I believe." She took the wheel from him, and, mounting, rode back in the direction of the hotel. As Philip stood, hat in hand, he reflected that she might be a little difficult. He fell to wondering if it was possible to rent a wheel, and about decided not to make his identity known just yet.

Mrs. Horton and Helen were at dinner when Philip stepped into the dining room, and in following the waiter to his seat he passed their table. Helen inclined her head very slightly; she evidently did not consider her morning meeting a sufficient introduction.

In the afternoon he lit a cigar and strolled along the piazza. There was something very delightful in being back once more amid the comforts and luxuries of the east, after years of hard work as a mining engineer in the roughest parts of the west. The little refinements of life appealed to him strongly. A group of ladies seated at the shady side of the piazza, with their embroidery, seemed an invaluable addition to the scene, and when he heard a clear, familiar voice among them he felt more than ever that life was very good. Only a sense of duty had brought him east—the promise to his friend, the best friend the world could give, had been his guiding star the last eight or nine months, and the time had come when he felt it right to see for himself how his little charge was. Now that he was here and had seen Helen he felt unaccountably happy. "A man must have some one to live for," he mused, "and even if it's a young girl who, for all you know, doesn't care whether you live or not, it's better than a selfish life." His thoughts were interrupted by a few words that came from the group of ladies: "Yes, I love to ride. Alone? Oh, I don't mind that; the country is so pretty about here I could never be lonely." How clear and childlike was her voice. He could not hear the words of the others but her answer was plain: "Not a bit of it. Why should I be afraid? Nothing ever happens—I mean, of course, that nothing is likely to happen."

"Then you are going to keep our little encounter this morning to yourself," thought Philip, "very well, then, my lady, you and I have a secret between us."

After some search Philip succeeded in renting a wheel and before he had been at Old Point twenty-four hours he started for a ride. He went slowly over the bridge hoping to find Helen and sure enough he soon overtook her. She acknowledged his bow and thus encouraged he rode along side of her.

"Your tire is all right, I hope," he remarked.

"Yes, indeed, thanks to your doctoring, it's as good as new," replied Helen, graciously, and Philip found himself thinking that a girl never looked quite so pretty as when on a bicycle.

"It is a charming morning for a ride," said Philip.

[illegible]

[illegible] place [illegible]." [illegible] of [illegible] friends, and, besides, she thought doubtfully, a married woman is always safe.

"Don't your friends worry about you when you go off alone? Now, for instance, since you punctured your tire yesterday, won't they fear some accident?" questioned Philip, artfully.

"Oh, no, you see I did not tell them about the tire," she colored slightly, "it was such a little thing."

"So they do not know about it? Well," he continued, musingly, "maybe that is better." Helen looked at him inquiringly, but he rode on studying the view so intently that she could learn nothing from his face. She felt just what he had meant her to feel, that their meeting had a clandestine element.

The morning passed quickly and pleasantly and when they drew near the hotel Philip asked her if he might accompany her the next morning.

"Yes, if I go out," she assented coolly.

"Our acquaintance is a little unconventional. I suppose you don't even know my name, which, by the way, is Brown."

"Oh, not Brown," Helen burst out [illegible].

"[illegible] as common a one as that. Don't you like it?"

"It has rather unpleasant associations for me. But, of course, as you say, it is not a rare name, it would be foolish to allow it to prejudice me."

These words, uttered with kind intent, had a most depressing effect upon Philip, who now saw clearly that Helen had a deep-rooted antipathy for the Philip Brown of her memory or imagination, and he knew that his only hope of winning her friendship was through her ignorance of his real identity. He determined to make the most of his time before she should discover by accident or otherwise that he was her husband.

The morning wheel ride became a habit with Philip, and he and Helen always met, sometimes by accident; sometimes they planned to do so. Each day Philip became more convinced that life without Helen would be flat, stale and unprofitable. There were times when she became almost confidential, but she always checked herself and withdrew into the prim dignity that amused him immensely.

"You never told me anything about yourself," said Philip, once when they were resting in a shady nook after a hard spin.

"You ought to know a great deal about me, having ridden with me every morning for the past fortnight. Riding a bicycle is a great test of a disposition, they say," answered Helen.

"I do know a great deal about your disposition, so much that I am anxious to know about your life," said he, looking tenderly at her. "You have never told me your name and I have evaded finding it out at the hotel in the hope that you would tell me yourself."

"I haven't told you my name, because"—she paused, and then continued, defiantly—"because I hate it, and it's the same as yours. Please don't ask me why. Please go away and leave me—I am miserable!" She turned her face away and Philip fancied she was crying. He longed to take the pathetic little figure in his arms and tell her that he thanked God that their names were the same, but he only said: "Forgive me, if I have hurt you; I would rather die than cause you to suffer. Please let us be friends again."

He took her hand for a moment, and Helen turned her flushed, tear-stained face toward him, and, withdrawing her hand, said, with a brave effort to be calm and forceful: "Mr. Brown, you must not speak in that way to me."

"But don't you see," said Philip, taking her hand again, "that you are very dear to me?"

"I can't let you; I am not free." Her voice trembled, and she released her hand from his grasp once more. "Please do not make it any harder for me. I am married." She burst into tears, and Philip felt altogether guilty and despicable. "Poor little woman, poor little woman," he said, caressingly.

"I am the victim of a marriage that was forced upon me. I couldn't refuse; I was not consulted. My dear father did what he thought right. The man he chose for me thought nothing of me. To him I was a child—a piece of property to be taken care of—but as to my having any feelings on the subject of my own marriage—that never occurred to him. If papa had given him a pet dog he would have taken it in the same way."

Philip winced, but she, preoccupied with her wrongs, continued: "I have not seen him since, and I never understood till now how horrible my bondage might become!"

Helen blushed as she realized what her words might seem to imply, but her companion appeared not to notice them, and asked: "Has the man—your husband—fulfilled his duty to you?"

"Yes; he has been unfailing in his care for my interests. He manages my business affairs and writes me quite regularly. Mere letters of business, of course. He has never forced himself upon me; I am grateful for that."

"What will you do when he comes to you as he certainly will do?" asked Philip, almost sternly.

"I don't know. I shut my eyes to that."

"You must open your eyes." He grasped her wrist. "Helen, look, he has come!"

Helen pulled herself away, and rising to her feet said, with an indescribable expression, "Philip!"

Golf Jewelry.

Golf has invaded the realm of jewelry. Some of the presents that would be most acceptable to men and women who play golf have designs of golf clubs upon them. Gold and silver clubs are used as stick-pins, miniature bundles of clubs crossed somewhat after the fashion of rifles on a soldier's cap as brooches, and a small putter clasp pin is just the thing for the white puff tie. Match safes, cigarette cases, link cuff buttons, tankards and loving cups, silver-backed brushes and silver-topped tobacco jars, all with golf designs upon them in relief, are coming more and more to be a part of the gentlemen's outfit. For the women there are dainty silver score-card frames, chain belts, purses, small cups, silk belts with [illegible] buckles ornamented with golfing [illegible]. As prizes in local and [illegible] matches these convenient articles are [illegible] much favor.

Odd Advertising Scheme.

A clever advertising scheme is [illegible] by a Quebec shoe [illegible] takes in the [illegible] the dealer's advertisement is visible. It can, therefore, be seen all over town.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

What might be done if men were wise!
What glorious deeds my suff'ring brother,
Would they unite
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another.

All slav'ry, warfare, lies and wrongs,
All vice and crime might die together,
And fruit and corn
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrows,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world tomorrow.

What might be done? This might be done,
And more than this my suff'ring brother;
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

—Charles Mackay.

AN INVALID BOARDER

"Yes, sir. I'm Mrs. Furgeson and I do take boarders; but you say your friend is an invalid, and I can't, indeed I can't, think of it. Yes, sir, no doubt, a most excellent gentleman, I have every reason to believe, since you tell me so; and as you say attendance would be very well paid for, and it is airy here and very pleasant, doubtless it would be very beneficial to the poor, dear gentleman, but I can't take him. I don't take invalids. Because of the trouble? Oh, dear, no. That isn't it. Trouble I never mind. What is it then? Wouldn't the boarders like it? Let the boarders mind their own affairs, if it was nothing catching, and neuralgia and nerves ain't catching that ever I heard of.

"No, no, but scalded dog dreads cold water, and I have had invalids before. One invalid, he was enough for me. It ain't boarders, I think of though. I had twenty-four silver small and twenty-four heavy plated, that you couldn't tell, and a dozen tables, solid, and four salts and ten desserts, and a scallop-shell shaped that came two in a velvet-box—a present to me when I was married. Boarders? No, of course I don't mean boarders. Spoons. I had that number when I took the invalid, and you don't know the straits I'm put to now, and the cheap rubbish I've had to buy. All on account of that invalid. But this one will take all his medicine in his own spoons. Ah, that isn't it, either. Your poor dear friend is doubtless a perfect gentleman; only I am prejudiced against invalids.

He was brought in in a chair, wrapped up in a counterpane, and I must say I thought he had a very red face; but that might be apoplectic, you know, or he might have stimulated himself into it, as an invalid might easily do, you know, and not to blame if the doctor recommended it. And he was taken into the best room, next to the one Mrs. Jerrup had—my diamond boarder, I used to call her; she had so many of 'em in her ears and on her fingers and at her throat. And as soon as he was comfortably fixed I went up to see him, and says I:

"'Mr. Bolter,' says I—that was his name—'Mr. Bolter, is there anything I can do for you?'

"And he says as politely as you could wish: 'No, ma'am, there is not. All that I shall need is a little water-gruel at six in the morning; and if the boarders have any of 'em a habit of singing hymns in the evening, as I've known in pious boarding-houses, to set the parlor door open that I may hear 'em.'

"Now, was there ever anything more touching than that? I went down stairs, with tears in my eyes, and says I: 'If there ever was a saint on earth, it is poor, dear Mr. Bolter. He is too good to live, and I'm as sure as sure can be that we shall lose him.' And it was a remarkable incident that the widow of the Rev. Mr. Spicer did board with us, and did sing hymns; an' she sung 'em that night, and set the parlor door open; and Mr. Bolter rung his bell, and sent down word that he was 'very much refreshed,' with his compliments, by the waiter. He did take stimulants, I smelt; and I said to myself, 'And who can blame him if it's ordered?' And it was brandy, if I have a nose.

"Well, as we parted for the night, we all spoke of the poor, dear gentleman.

"Another gentleman had called to speak of him, just as you have called about your invalid friend. Yes. And you mustn't think I mean any hints or anything. And he told us he couldn't put his feet to the ground, and hadn't, for ten years.

"'And what would he do in case of fire?' says Mrs. Tibbs, who was timid.

"'I should rescue him, of course,' said Mr. Becket, our young boarder, who was in a dry goods store, and who was as big, take him altogether, as one of the invalid's arms.

"'But you'd have the ladies to save, you know,' said Mrs. Squizzle, the widow, who always flirted with everything and anything like a man, from eighty to eighteen.

"'The ladies first,' said Mr. Becket, 'of course.' Only if he'd started with Mr. Squizzle he'd never have got back for any more, for she weighed two hundred pounds, and he'd have been squashed at the first step.

"'I shall keep my eye on him,' said Mrs. Smith, 'and I'll tell Mr. Smith to do so. I'll step in to-morrow and tell him our views about magnetism. I wonder if he's ever tried magnetism.'

"'Poor gentleman,' said Mrs. Jerrup. 'How he is afflicted, to be sure. I've had neuralgia myself, and I know. He ought to go to the Sulphur Springs; that is what cured me. I shall tell him so.'

"'And I shall pray for him,' said Rev. Mr. Spicer's widow. 'And I shall take him my late husband's excellent tract, on the "Uses of Affliction," to-morrow.'

"'And I wouldn't mind reading the Bible to him one bit,' said Miss Annie Spicer, 'if he liked it.'

"'How you express yourself,' said her mother. 'You should determine to do so whether he liked it or not, and you should rejoice to do it. Wouldn't mind indeed.'

"Then we went to bed. There was a light in his room still, and I called through the keyhole (he slept in his reclining chair): 'Mr. Bolter, are you comfortable for the night?' and he answered:

"'Thank you, ma'am, I am. I am having an hour in meditation.'

"'Excuse me for interrupting you,' says I.

"'Oh, not at all,' says he, and away I went; and I went to sleep thinking how glad I was, with all my troubles, I was not an invalid.

"I guess it was about one o'clock when I waked up with a noise of bursting in my ears, and there was a light in the room. It was a queer light, bright all in one spot, and I thought—though I don't believe in 'em, it was a ghost. And says I, out loud: 'Oh, Lord!' and covered my head with the sheet. I hadn't had it covered but a minute though, when I felt a big hand on my throat and just the roughest voice ever I heard growled in my ear:

"'Now, old lady, be sensible. I ain't goin' to hurt you if you're quiet. Keep your head covered and lay still. I've got a six-shooter here, and if you screech, I fire.'

"'Are you a burglar?' says I.

"'Form your own conclusions,' says he, 'only don't shriek. I shouldn't want to live if I was an old woman, but pr'aps you do.'

"Well, I kinder wondered what for myself, but I did, and I laid still, and only shrunk inwardly.

"After a while there was no more poking at the bureau and rattling in the closet; and then I heard creaking all over the house and a shriek somewhere, and I didn't know but there was murder done; and I thought of my poor invalid, and if he was in that wretch's hands, poor man, and I thought over all the stories I'd read of dreadful tragedies, and I felt for, for all my boarders, but most of all for the poor invalid that couldn't help himself; but it wasn't until all was quiet as the grave that I dared sit up, and then it was daylight. And then courage came to me, and I put my head out of the window and shrieked. Nobody heard me at first, but at last there were two policemen, with their clubs, and then I put on my waterproof and went down stairs.

"'You've been robbed, that's plain,' said the policeman; 'but is anybody hurt?'

"'Murdered in their beds, I've no doubt,' says I. And I thought it must be so; but it was better than that.

"Some were gagged and some were tied, and dear little Mr. Becket was rolled up in a blanket, like a rollypoly pudding, and pinned in. And diamonds and clothes and everything was gone, poor dears. And even the Indian idol from Mrs. Smith's mantelpiece. And as for me, I hadn't a spoon left, and nothing to put on but the waterproof cloak. But nothing dreadful had happened except to the invalid gentleman. He had disappeared.

"'They've murdered him,' says I.

"'They've carried him off for a ransom,' says Mrs. Squizzle. 'The Italians do that, you know.'

"'Maybe he's thrown himself out of the window in a fright,' says Mrs. Smith.

"There we all stood, mostly in blankets and such, and made suggestions. I, for one, knew I should find him down cellar, weltering in his gore. What did you say? Did we? Oh, no, we didn't. No. The policeman gave the first hint of the truth.

"'Your invalid is your burglar,' says he. 'It's easier to open a door from inside than from out. I reckon I know the man. It's Sly Tom, as they call him. He's been up to this dodge before.'

"And so it was, sir, so it was. Mrs. Jerrup got back her diamonds, but I never got back my spoons; and no offense, sir—no insinuations. I'm sure this invalid gentleman is all that one could wish—all! Oh, I feel quite positive of that, and no offense; but with an invalid in the house I should be obliged to sit up in the bed all night. I should have nerves to that extent. No, no invalids for me; but Mrs. Tompkins over the way has never had such an experience, and I'd recommend you to call there.

"No, no; I do not believe Mr. Wedgerby, your friend, to be a burglar, only I cannot accommodate invalids after Mr. Bolter."

The Use of Corn Pith.

To-day no American fighting craft is deemed complete without its belt or cofferdam of corn-pith cellulose. The pith of the stock is cut out and ground into a coarse, mealy mass and then under pressure molded into blocks or briquettes. In this form it is packed into the cells made for it against the sides of the ship and about the region of the water line. The stuff weighs only a fractional part of a similar bulk of water. Now, when an enemy's shot goes tearing through the outside plating and pierces the cellulose, if water be admitted by the rolling of the vessel the cellulose at once swells automatically and plugs the hole in itself as well as in the plating, thus preventing a dangerous admission of water in the ticklish region of the water line. A curious virtue of this stuff is that it does not exert a damaging pressure as corn would do under like circumstances, but rests content simply with plugging the hole. Of course, this material would be scattered by explosive shell fire, but even then, being fire-proofed, it will not burn.

Hardtack Then and Now.

The "hardtack" which is supplied to the army—some of it, at least—is a different article from the great round wheaten slabs which fed our armies during the war of the rebellion. That supplied nowadays is made in little oblong bits about the size of an oyster cracker, but square-cornered. Thus the soldier is not obliged to imperil his teeth as of yore in biting from the "slab," or, if his teeth are poor, to dip it in his coffee before getting a mouthful. Baked in this modern way it is more friable and easier to chew. But it will not longer serve as a platter on which it was the pride of the old campaigner to be able to cut his meat with his jackknife without demolishing the dish. It is sweet and wholesome and is put up in pound packages of shape convenient for the haversack.

A Memento of Royalty.

When Francis I. lost all save honor on the luckless field of Pavia, he left among other things in the hands of the Spaniards his royal tent, of gorgeous texture, wonderfully decorated. It fell to the share of the Marquis Pescari, husband of the poetic Victoria Colonna, and remained in the Colonna family till some years ago, when they presented it to Alfonso XII. It was sent to be restored, and has lately come back. So Francis the First's tent will be placed in the armory at Madrid.

Winners on the French Turf.

The conclusion of the French racing season finds Mr. Menier at the top of the list of winners, with $180,000. The next is the Viscomte d'Harcourt, $85,000. Then comes Baron Schickler with $78,000.

Women's Rights in France.

Women in France have just been accorded the right to be legal witnesses to the registration of births, marriages and deaths and to the signature of legal documents.

AUNT RILL'S RIDE.

"Isn't this a dreary, spooky night?" said Clover, pressing her small nose flat against the window pane and watching the procession of umbrellas that was passing on the sidewalk below. "Seems as if we ought to be popping corn or pulling candy, or——"

"Or telling nice, creepy, shivery stories," piped in Warren. "I tell you, I'd just like to hear a real ghostly one—the kind that makes you afraid to go to bed, for fear something 'll catch hold of your feet when you jump in."

Aunt Rill smiled.

"I can't tell ghost stories," she said, "because I don't believe in ghosts. But not more than ten minutes ago I was thinking of something that happened when I was a girl."

"How jolly nice!" said Warren, smothering a little whoop of hilarity, while Clover lost interest in the umbrella procession and curled up in Aunt Rill's arms—a way that girls have when "creepy" tales are told.

"It was before the war, that is, the war of the 60's, my dears," Aunt Rill began, "and I was a young woman, barely 20 years old. Then we didn't have so many theaters and places of amusement as you have now, and concerts were quite in vogue. As I had a good voice and my brother John—your uncle, my dears, who died before you were born—played the violin with considerable ability, we often helped to fill up the programme at concerts and entertainments in the small towns near the city where we lived—Rochester, New York state. Uncle John was ten years older than I, and totally blind. When he played every breath was stilled, and the people listened as if it were heavenly music that he drew from the strings of his fiddle. After awhile we made up a little programme of our own and spent most of our time going from one town to another.

"One night just before a concert we got a letter saying that we were wanted in another town the following evening. We were perplexed. Trains didn't run so frequently as they do now, and the only way to get to that town was for us to reach Rochester before 6 o'clock the next morning.

"We talked it all over. We didn't want to miss the concert, because they were counting on our being there, and for the reason that we needed the money. After the last song was finished and we had put on our things brother John said: 'Sister Rill, would you be afraid if we were to drive in to the three of us went inside and huddled about the stove. We were surprised to find no one in the big, bleak room but a boy about 12 years old. He seemed very nice and told us to sit down. You can imagine we were glad to do so, and we took the chairs that he drew up for us with a feeling of glowing gratitude. Just then we heard a little whistle and the boy hurried out of the room. That struck me as being strange and I suddenly began to feel a nervous dread—as if we were unsafe. In a moment the boy was back, bringing with him three glasses of wine on a little plate.

"'Don't touch it, I beg of you,' I whispered to the boy driver.

"'But I'm nearly frozen,' he answered.

"'No! No! You mustn't,' I insisted, and he did not.

"The boy with the wine seemed quite put out because we refused it. He asked us where we were going and how long we would stay, and then the little whistle was sounded again and out he went. He was scarcely beyond the door when I clutched brother John's hand and, motioning to our driver, said quickly: 'Come! Hurry! Hurry! I know we're not safe here!'

"We ran out of the room and were not a moment too soon. As we climbed into the sleigh we heard excited voices and saw dark figures running from around the corners of the house. We lashed the horses and they tore off like mad, seeming also to realize that we were in danger. Luckily it was down grade, for they came after us—half a dozen dangerous, desperate Rochester to-night?'

"'Not a bit in the world!' I answered, for I was young and plucky, my dears, and nothing seemed terrifying to me then.

"So we bundled up well and I tucked all the money we had got for our work in the lining of my bodice. It was an hour or more before we found any one willing to undertake the long, cold night drive, but we at last found a boy of 16 who said he wasn't afraid of anything. He had two good, stout horses, and just at midnight we started out on our five hours' drive.

"It was bitterly cold. There was a little scurrying of fine snow, and the chill, penetrating winds from Lake Ontario were blowing a gale. The horses plodded along with that stolid heroism that horses have, shaking the snow from their manes and breasting the cutting blasts. For more than two hours we continued that way, till our fingers and feet were numb and our cheeks felt tight and smooth like the cold faces of china dolls. Then we spied a light on the right of the road. As we came up to it I saw that it was an inn, and there was a big, glowing fire inside. We knew that we could not stop long, but a moment's warmth would be a blessing just then. We did not tie the horses, instead, we brought them close to the porch, under the protection of its projecting eaves.

"I led brother John by the hand and men, firing guns and commanding us to stop. We dashed into an old-fashioned covered bridge with the crowd of them in pursuit like a pack of ravenous wolves. Beyond the bridge was a second steep grade. Here they gave up the chase and I breathed a prayer of thanksgiving when we had sped around a bend of the road a mile beyond that dreadful place. Two bullets had gone into the sleigh and one had taken out a neat little nip from the sleeve of brother John's coat."

"O-o-oh! My gracious!" gasped Clover. "Weren't you awfully scared? And were they really-truly robbers?"

"Worse than that, my dear," Aunt Rill replied. "Several years after the war, when it had been noticed that a number of travelers had mysteriously disappeared near this inhospitable inn, the authorities of the county started an investigation. In the cellar of the awful place were found several skeletons and all the proofs of murder. Three of the men, I believe, were hanged. The other got away."—Helen Follett, in Chicago Record.

What Became of the Evidence.

A man was arrested in San Francisco the other day for catching fish below the lawful weight.

"Where are the fish?" asked the attorney for the defendant.

"Why, they wouldn't keep," answered the officer.

"What did you do with them?"

"Oh, I disposed of them."

"What did you do with them?"

"Well, I knew they wouldn't keep, so—I—I—disposed of them."

"But what did you do with them?"

"My wife cooked them."

"And you ate them?"

"Yes."

"Your honor, I ask that this case be dismissed."

"Charge dismissed and defendant discharged," ruled the justice of the peace, "on the ground that the arresting officer ate the evidence."

Not in the Same Class.

Little Bobby—My mother belongs to the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Little Eddie—That ain't nothin' to be stuck up about. My ma's got a chainless bike.

[illegible] County Miner

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Editor and Prop'r.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1898.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR GOVERNOR
HON. WILLIAM A. STONE,
of Allegheny.

FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR
J. P. S. GOBIN,
of Lebanon.

FOR SUPERIOR COURT JUDGE
W. W. PORTER,
of Philadelphia.

FOR SECRETARY OF INTERNAL AFFAIRS
JAMES W. LATTA,
of Philadelphia.

FOR CONGRESSMEN-AT-LARGE
GALUSHA A. GROW,
of Susquehanna.
S. A. DAVENPORT,
of Erie.

FOR CONGRESS
HON. C. W. STONE,
of Warren County.

FOR MEMBERS OF ASSEMBLY
HON. R. A. DEMPSEY,
of Bradford,
T. F. RICHMOND,
of Smethport.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER
J. W. CAMPBELL,
of Kane.

FOR CORONER
R. R. SHERMAN,
of Bradford.

THE President has one thing to be thankful for. Congress has adjourned.

THE American soldier, whether born with a silver or wooden spoon in his mouth, displays the same heroism when duty calls.

THERE will be no need of Spain sending an investigating committee to Santiago to find out what blew up Cervera's fleet.

THE summer resorts along the Atlantic coast are now safe. There is nothing more dangerous to contend with now than mosquitoes and sea serpents.

THURSDAY at 4 p. m. Gen. Toral, the Spanish commander, surrendered the city and province of Santiago to Gen. Shafter. The officers retained their side arms and the army will be transported to Spain.

AN ordinary American canoe, armed with a double-barreled shotgun and flying the United States flag, is a good match for a Spanish torpedo boat destroyer.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The gun need not be of modern make, either.

UNCLE SAM for five months has had his attention drawn to foreign matters of great importance, yet in the last six months his children have built 1,100 miles of railroad. This is an excellent showing for a nation engaged in an extensive war with a foreign nation.

SINCE the beginning of hostilities at Manila the first of May Spain has lost nineteen vessels of her magnificent navy, several of them classed as first-class battleships. This is unprecedented in naval history. The loss to the United States navy is one man and a gun.

LAST Friday President McKinley signed the Hawaii annexation resolution passed by Congress. The following named honorable gentlemen were duly appointed as Commissioners to the island: Senator John T. Morgan of Alabama, Congressman R. R. Hitt of Illinois, Senator Shelby M. Cullom of Illinois, Former President S. B. Dole of Hawaiian Republic and Lorsen A. Thurston, former minister to the island. The Commissioners will soon start for Honolulu.

UNCLE SAM has sent a crew of specialists to raise Spain's submarine fleet at Santiago, and as soon as time will permit he will send another crew to Manila to resurrect that other fleet that Dewey sent on a McGinty trip the first of May. When all these magnificent vessels are raised, rehabilitated, manned and sailing under the stars and stripes, Uncle Sam will have a navy that no nation of Europe will find like sneezing at.

PATHETIC is the view Captain McCarthy, one of the survivors of Cervera's fleet, takes of Commodore Watson's visit to Spain: "My poor Spain will be helpless against your attack. I have seen what your ships can do and know our exposed cities will be destroyed. It will be an awful fight and Spain will suffer most. But if anyone was bold enough to suggest that to my countrymen, he would be cut to pieces. If America carries the war into Spain and defeats us there, disgrace would be too great to bear. You know the fall of a great nation is like the fall of a great family, 'and great shall be the fall thereof.' And I am afraid that is how it will be with Spain. Oh, God, open the eyes of my countrymen at home, that they may understand why we were defeated."

SPAIN is entitled to considerable credit and deserves well of the American people in this difficulty. She was instrumental in introducing Uncle Sam to the European nations in a manner that has fairly taken their breath away. They do not know what to make of this mighty giant that has risen in the western hemisphere who has displayed such remarkable strength, endurance, courage and determination in prosecuting this war for the liberation of poor down-trodden Cuba. They stand amazed and gaze in wonder, not knowing what to think of him. Why he has even our old friend at his wonderful success, boasting over everything that comes in his way. He is becoming a general globe-trotter and the European nations ere long will be falling over each other in claiming relationship and clamoring to come under his protection.

YELLOW FEVER HASTENS THE DOOM OF SANTIAGO.

The chances are that ere this reaches the eyes of our many readers Santiago will either be in ashes or its army surrendered and preparation going on to convey it to Spain. Yesterday at noon the armistice expired and owing to the appearance of yellow fever in the ranks of our brave soldiers, orders have been issued to commence operations at once by both army and navy upon the doomed city. It is sincerely hoped that the Spanish commanders will realize the hopelessness of the situation and surrender without any more bloodshed.

The terms offered them are to surrender their army, allowing the officers to retain their side arms, and that the army be transported to Spain where it will be of no further use in maintaining Spanish rule in Cuba.

General Nelson A. Miles is at the front as commander-in chief, but so far has allowed General Shafter to conduct the affairs as he had formerly planned.

The medical department, although dreading the yellow fever, feels confident of its ability to cope with this dreaded disease.

EASY FOR A DEMOCRAT.

Anyone who has perused the Port Allegany Reporter for awhile back cannot help being somewhat surprised to notice how easily *Lillibridge slides* off from his free silver "Rozinante" that he cavorted around on *lately* and falls into line and yells with all his might for the Altoona platform. Said platform has entirely ignored the principles for which he argued so violently for the last two years and "burned midnight oil" to write editorials for. He evidently believes in the doctrine that the end justifies the means. The MINER is exceedingly sorry that his free silver principles were not deeper rooted, but wilted at the first gleam of sunlight which has come upon Pennsylvania Democracy in eight years on account of dissatisfaction with Quay. Their hopes are elusive. The Republicans of Pennsylvania will relegate Quay to where he belongs and give the Democrats what "Paddy gave the drum."

DEWEY DID IT AGAIN.

The Navy department on Wednesday received a cablegram from Rear Admiral Dewey in which he stated that he had been informed by Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader, that Grand Island in Subic Bay was held by the Spaniards and that the German warship, Irene, would not permit the insurgents to capture the fort and island. Whereupon Rear Admiral Dewey, on July 7, sent the Concord and Raleigh there to see what right the Germans had to intefere. The German steamer vamoosed on the arrival of our ships, and the Spaniards, to the number of 1300, surrendered without resistance.

THE CARRIER PAYS THE REVENUE.

Assistant Attorney General Boyd of Washington has sent out the following as to who shall pay the revenue, the shipper or the carrier:

"The law makes it the duty of every railroad, steamboat carrier, express companies or corporation or person whose occupation it is to act as such, to issue to the shipper, consignor or his agent, or person from whom any goods are accepted for transportation, a bill of lading, manifest or some other evidence of the receipt of goods, wares or merchandise received for carriage and transportation, and this bill of lading, manifest or memorandum requires a revenue stamp of the value of one cent affixed to it and cancelled. In case of failure to issue such bill of lading, the law imposes a penalty of \$50 upon the carrier guilty of such failure. The penalty for failure to so affix the stamp is not more than \$100. The purpose of the law is clear. It was to tax the carrier and not the shipper; and these provisions undoubtedly fix upon the express companies and other carriers the duty of providing, affixing and cancelling the stamp and their failure to so provide, affix and cancel such stamps, subjects them to the penalty provided by law. It is suggested that some of these carriers are refusing to receive goods for shipment until the shipper pays the tax. While it is not my province to advise as to the recourse which the shipper may have in instances of this kind, yet I am sure that the laws are ample to require public carriers and express companies to receive goods tendered for shipment or suffer damages for such refusal."

W. R. HEARST, the owner of the New York Journal, has gone to Cuba with a complete newspaper outfit and will start a daily paper near the scene of operations. American enterprise will overcome every difficulty. If Jules Verne would only in imagination construct some mode of conveyance, there is no question but some Yankee would be found with sufficient determination and pluck to invade old Nick's domains and start a newspaper there, even if he had to print it on asbestos.

TWIST it and turn it as you will, that stamp tax is unpopular still. We're glad that most of the Democrats in Congress protested against the stamp nuisance. There were many less oppressive and troublesome ways in which the same amount of money could have been raised.—Morristown (N. J.) Express.

And these same Democrats were compelled in times of peace to sell bonds. Don't forget that.

THE lion hearted Wayler must suffer the keenest disappointment that he is unable to lead an army of invasion into the United States, as he boasted—before hostilities. But he cannot get a boat to bring him over.—Philadelphia Press. Well, let him walk; no one will object.

KLONDIKE lately has not been able to make a ripple in receiving attention from the outside world, until they concocted the story of a Spanish cruiser on the Pacific coast that they claimed had been sent there to capture the treasure laden ships from the new Eldorado.

THE latest and corrected list of the casualties at the battles fought at Santiago on July 1st, 2d and 3d is as follows: Killed, 23 officers, 208 enlisted men; wounded, 80 officers, 1,203 enlisted men; missing 81; total, 1,595.

UNCLE SAM is bound to please the Spaniards. Capt. Bob Evans can swear at them and Capt. Phillips will pray for them.

UNCLE SAM is proving his greatness in the magnanimity and kindness that he has displayed to the prisoners of war taken.

COL. ROOSEVELT may be the next governor of New York. The Empire State has no better governorship timber.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, July 11, 1898.

President McKinley has the whip hand of the situation, and he doesn't intend that either talk about peace or the surrender of the Spaniards at Santiago shall interfere with his plans. If the destruction of Cervera's fleet and the Spanish defeats at Santiago have convinced Spain that it is time to beg for peace, she must say so. She can accomplish nothing by talking peace unofficially, nor through the intervention of other powers. This country does not intend to allow any other country to have any hand either in obtaining peace for Spain or in arranging the terms of peace. Spain can have the terms of peace whenever she chooses to ask for them, and they will not be deviated from, nor will they be offered until they are asked for. Meanwhile the war is going to be pushed. It is expected at the Navy Department that Commodore Watson's fleet, which is going to the coast of Spain, will get started this week, and that by the first of August it will be heard from by Spain; and the expedition against Porto Rico is to be prosecuted with Santiago as a base of supplies. Gen. Miles has gone to Cuba to take command of the campaign.

The War and Postoffice Departments have adopted a system for the improvement of the mail service to the soldiers. Under this system the quartermaster's department of the army will transport all mail within camp to and from the point of arrival and departure, and batallion and regimental adjutants will be held responsible for the correct distribution of mail. Every military post or camp established will be given a postoffice immediately, with a postal superintendent in charge. In short, nothing will be left undone that will aid in quick and constant communication between the soldiers and their relatives and friends.

Just a plain statement of what was done at the session of Congress, without one word of argument, should be amply sufficient to bring about an increase of the Republican majority in next House. It was a business session as well as a war session. Aside from the important war legislation, which has met every need of the administration and prepared, so far as possible, for its needs for the next six months, and the regular appropriation bills, a just and equitable national bankrupt law was enacted; Hawaii was annexed and a number of other important laws placed upon the statute books. The total amount appropriated by Congress at the session was \$892,527,991, of which \$361,788,095 was to meet the expenses of conducting the war against Spain.

As a special favor to those who are here in attendance upon the annual convention of the National Educational Association, Secretary Long instructed the Commandant of the Washington Navy Yard, which has been closed to visitors since the war started, to admit members of the Association to the yards and shops. Another unusual courtesy extended to the Association was the opening of the Congressional Library building at night by Librarian Young. This was the first time that the handsome building had been open to visitors at night.

Secretary Long gives the following reasons for the success of the Navy in the war—a success never equaled in any way by any navy, involving, besides individual ships captured or destroyed, the complete destruction of two Spanish fleets, that of Admiral Cervera having several warships that were as fine as any of their class afloat: First, the skill and mechanical genius of our people in building the best ships; second, the high personnel of the navy; third, the foresight of our naval authorities in liberally spending money for ammunition to be used in target practice; fourth, the help the Secretary of the Navy had from the Assistant Secretary and the bureau chiefs. It will be remembered that Theodore Roosevelt, who has just been promoted from lieutenant colonel to colonel for gallantry in action before Santiago, was the Assistant Secretary of the Navy until after the fighting began. Secretary Long said of his bureau chiefs: "When the Navy Department saw that war was approaching, the bureau chiefs were called together and told they would be held personally responsible for the efficiency of their various departments. Every reasonable amount of supplies was given them, and they were told that the navy must be put in thorough condition. Not enough credit has been given to these men, who made success possible by having the navy prepared."

President McKinley has named as Commissioners to recommend to Congress needed legislation concerning Hawaii, our new possession, Senators Cullom and Morgan, members of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations; Representative Hitt, Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, and Sanford P. Dole, President of the Hawaiian Republic, and W. R. Frear, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Hawaii. Senator Davis of Minnesota would have been Chairman of the Commission had his private business not compelled him to decline the appointment.

THE last seen of Uncle Sam he was taking long strides across the Pacific. His first step was Hawaii; the next reached the Ladrone islands. He halted awhile to hob-nob with Mr. Dewey who has preempted a claim for his uncle at the Philippine islands. The old gentleman was too busy to tarry long. He skipped over to Europe with a chip or two on his shoulders asking any of them if they had any desire to knock the chips off, or to just make believe to tread on his coat tail. The only one that peeped as he passed along and bade them a scornful adieu on his way to see about catching a few Canaries was Johnny Bull, who said, "mind your eye, but isn't he a daisy."

QUEEN LILLIUOKALANI now has, and Queen Christina will soon have a crown to dispose of. Uncle Sam does not seem to be a respecter of persons, high or low. Like the Irishman at the Donnybrook fair he hits a crown whenever it appears if it does not conform to international laws.

THE Spanish Ministry are busily engaged in hunting up some sequestered nook where they can hide Camara and his fleet from Uncle Sam's cruisers. They feel well satisfied if allowed to remain in the open they will be served with the same treatment that Cervera received.

THE masons and bricklayers have gone out on a strike because the hod carriers have taken all the Santiago.—Bradford Star. They can't Havana more.

UNCLE SAM has given Cervera and his crew a vacation without asking Spain's permission. But they seem to enjoy Uncle Sam's hospitality.

PRIME MINISTER SAGASTA, unlike other Spaniards, realizes when he has had enough. He has resigned.

THERE is one thing certain, Dewey and Schley have filled Davy Jones' locker to overflowing.

IT is extremely doubtful if Spain's submarine fleets ever become popular.

WATSON has gone after Spain's Camara.

U. S. REPAIR SHIP.

The following taken from the Philadelphia Sunday Times is a description of the Vulcan, a ship fitted out for the purpose of making any repairs to our fleet while engaged in this war with Spain:

Her mission is to remain with the fleet and repair any damage that can be done to the other vessels. For this work she is thoroughly prepared. Her equipment includes nearly a hundred tons of tools and machinery valued at \$500,000.

If you have ever visited a naval repair shop and can imagine the scene transferred to shipboard you can get a fairly good idea of what the Vulcan looks like. There are plate bending rolls and punching and shearing machinery that can bite through an inch of solid steel. There are lathes for turning castings of nearly any size; there are planers, drills and milling machines of compass enough to meet almost any demand, and there are blowers to supply the several forges and to draw foul air from between decks and send it through the ventilators above. She can even make small rapid-fire guns.

There are pipe cutters, bolt cutters, forges and grindstones, and a good-sized cupola for the melting of sufficient metal to make a heavy casting. A supplemental electric plant has given excellent lighting facilities throughout the ship, but principally in the workshops situated on what is termed the third deck.

There are also evaporators and distillers of a capacity equal to a daily output of quite ten thousand gallons of water, several times more than the needs of the Vulcan could demand. She has two steam cranes, with ten-foot arms, that will lead to the hoisting drums amidship and to the cranes to the hatches. These cranes are specially designed for removing weights from the men-of-war and for transferring machinery to the disabled ships. And, lastly, there is a magnificent little foundry for manufacturing castings up to a certain size.

Of course, skilled men are required to perform the work of repairing machinery, and the best machinists and mechanics in the service have been assigned to the Vulcan to perform the work for which it has been fitted out, and this brings to light a condition of affairs quite as unique as is the ship herself. There is no mechanical plant in the country that admits of such a variety of accomplishments as this one. The variety of departments gives the Vulcan more chief petty officers than any other ship known. A dozen such officers is the usual complement for a warship, but the Vulcan, out of her entire crew of two hundred men, has ninety two men who have the right to wear double-breasted short coats and officers' caps.

No vessel that has yet started out for the war has carried such a large complement of well-trained and educated men. The repair ship has on board some of the finest engineers in the country, and among the number is a Providence millionaire and a college professor, who entered the service of their country as soon as it was known that the United States was to have a floating machine shop.

Chief machinists, expert boilermakers, moulders, brass finishers and electricians, coppersmiths, carpenters, *joiners, shipwrights, plumbers*—all have the rating of first-class petty officers. The Vulcan's captain is Lieutenant Commander Ira Harris, who has been general manager of the Chicago Drop Forge and Foundry Company and of like concerns in Kansas and Cleveland, Ohio.

The chief engineers are Gardiner Sims, the head of the Armington & Sims Engine Works of Providence, R. I., who has thirty of his best mechanics aboard, and Professor Aldrich of the University of West Virginia, one of the best electrical experts in the country. Frederick C. Neilson, son of Medical Inspector John L. Neilson, United States senior medical officer at Charlestown, is an assistant engineer. The leading mechanics have quarters in the old passenger state rooms, and will live very comfortably.

GENERAL GRANT'S FORESIGHT.

"I feel that we are on the eve of a new era, when there is to be great harmony between the Federal and Confederate. I cannot stay to be a living witness to the correctness of this prophecy, but I feel within me that it is to be so. The universally kind feeling expressed for me at a time when it was supposed that each day would prove my last seemed to me the beginning of the answer to 'Let us have peace.'"

Beats the Klondike.

Mr. A. C. Thomas of Maryville, Tex., has found a more valuable discovery than has yet been made in the Klondike. For years he suffered untold agony from consumption, accompanied by hemorrhages; and was absolutely cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. He declares that gold is of little value in comparison with his marvelous cure; would have it, even if it cost a hundred dollars a bottle. Asthma, bronchitis and all throat and lung affections are positively cured by Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption. Trial bottles free at A. B. Armstrong & Co.'s drug store. Regular size 50c and \$1.00. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

Reasons Why Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is the Best.

1. Because it affords almost instant relief in case of pain in the stomach, colic and cholera morbus.
2. Because it is the only remedy that never fails in the most severe cases of dysentery and diarrhoea.
3. Because it is the only remedy that will cure chronic diarrhoea.
4. Because it is the only remedy that will prevent bilious colic.
5. Because it is the only remedy that will cure epidemical dysentery.
6. Because it is the only remedy that can always be depended upon in cases of cholera infantum.
7. Because it is the most prompt and most reliable medicine in use for bowel complaints.
8. Because it produces no bad results.
9. Because it is pleasant and safe to take.
10. Because it has saved the lives of more people than any other medicine in the world.

The 25 and 50c sizes for sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

A Great Deal

of unnecessary expenditure of time and money may be saved if you will only keep a bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin in the house. Nine-tenths of all ordinary sickness is from the stomach; keep that organ in proper condition and all will be well. Syrup Pepsin is a specific. Trial size bottle 10c, large size 50c and \$1.00, of A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Sick headache, biliousness, constipation and all liver and stomach troubles can be quickly cured by using those famous little pills known as DeWitt's Little Early Risers. They are pleasant to take and never gripe. A. B. Armstrong & Co., druggists.

You may hunt the world over and you will not find another medicine equal to Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for bowel complaints. It is pleasant, safe and reliable. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

Ballard's Snow Liniment.

Is equally as effective for animals as for the human flesh. As a liniment it has no equal in the world. Every bottle guaranteed. It never fails to cure neuralgia. Sold by Chadwick's Drug Store.

Win your battles against disease by acting promptly. One Minute Cough Cure produces immediate results. When taken early it prevents consumption. And in later stages it furnishes prompt relief. A. B. Armstrong & Co., druggists.

CERVERA went off on another lay—that is to lay off the southern shores of Cuba.

CERVERA and his crew have got into a Portsmouth new where our fleet will not bottle them up.

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

[illegible]

[illegible] appropriate for the Y [illegible] prayer and Bible study [illegible] that the Y's take up special line of Bible study [illegible] the devotional part of their meetings, especially in our morning prayer, the Y's everywhere and to hold [illegible] wherever practicable.

As we realize youth as the best time for seed sowing, let us take the opportunity to instill into the minds of children temperance truths, knowing that early impressions are lasting. Young women are best adapted to carry on this line of work in the L. T. L., also in the Sunday school. We can help in this work by pledging the children to total abstinence, by arranging a program for temperance Sunday and urge that the temperance lesson be taught in Sunday school.

Public socials, etc., are very important, as our social natures need caring for; but while we have something entertaining let us have something uplifting. Use every opportunity to advance temperance sentiment. Give your meetings names that will attract, send out personal invitations, advertise, agitate. Always be zealous in your new members; but be wise. Sometimes it is best to get them interested in the work before asking them or urging them to join.

Pennsylvania's aim is to double its membership this year. It can be done if each one gets one other. One of our most beautiful lines of work is the flower mission. Closely connected with this is the prison, alms-house and rallied work. What blessings we receive while giving flowers to the poor "shut-ins." The beautiful little wedge that opens the way for scripture and prayer. Did you ever think when we are providing for the happiness of others we get more joy ourselves than any other way? We have often thought we had no use for the soldiers and sailors' department in our part of the country, but the time has come when we can do something in this line. Our brave boys have gone to the front, temptations and perils before them. The saloon evil, everywhere present, is on their camping ground; free drinks are furnished the soldiers by saloon keepers. We can counteract that some by sending delicacies, comfort-bags, etc. Let the Y's be active in the help they can render.

Very closely connected with this is the mercy department. Anything that tends to relieve suffering or prevent affliction to God's creatures, whether human or dumb, is merciful. Let us make a study of health and heredity. Whatever impairs the natural strength and vigor creates a craving for stimulants. Intemperance is considered by some a disease. In many cases the tendencies inherited from the parents.

Physical culture exercises are very helpful to keeping the body in a healthful condition.

A wag once said, "W.C.T.U. must stand for Washing Contracts Taken Unconditionally." The W.C.T.U. believes in washing the whole world, nationally and individually, from every habit, custom or influence that leads to disease.

We need to be intelligent workers, to this end we should use our literature, especially our National and State organs, the Union Signal and State Bulletin. We fear no union will stand long unless they read those papers and the department leaflets.

We should take the ever helpful work of our children, and we should double our diligence and do the work she so nobly laid down for us. The thing that lay nearest her heart was the paying off the [illegible] trust funds.

We should at least be as loyal as the people in foreign lands. They have contributed to the temple ever since it was built. By an appeal from the world's W.C.T.U., March [illegible] was observed as a memorial day to Frances Willard, and never was a day so observed all over the world. The National officers propose to make the temple a memorial to Miss Willard. A request for one dollar from each member to clear its incumbrance has been sent to every Union all over the land. Money is needed to educate native teachers and workers in foreign lands. Our National Temperance Hospital also needs our aid and urges that public meetings be held in the interest of non-alcoholic medication and to raise money. The two single beds in the beautiful Y room need support and no Y should be indifferent to the privileges and their duty. In helping the poor over-worked sisters to a comfortable room, with rest and care. This we are anxious to make possible. When we think of the curse of drink as the result of physician's prescriptions, we feel like helping to train up a race of doctors who shall know better and do better.

Woman has great influence in society and the home, then let her exert that influence for total abstinence; let us organize, for in union there is strength, in every way possible keep the truth before the people. Lord Shaftesbury said, "The more I examine and travel over the length and breadth of England, the more I see the absolute and indispensable necessity for temperance associations. I am satisfied that unless they existed, we should be immersed in such an ocean of immorality, violence and sin, as would make this country uninhabitable." Use every means to get people interested. Miss Willard said, "they only need the arrest of thought." Through the press we can influence more people than any other way. Write for the local paper.

Neither should we forget the twin evil of alcohol, narcotics. In every way exert an influence against tobacco and cigarettes. This can be done more effectually with the children in the L. T. L. organizing non-cigarette leagues, &c.

There is one silent influence all can exert, it is wearing the little bow of white ribbon. No Y should be without it. If so the question may well be asked as it has been, "are they ashamed of their colors?"

"Wear your white ribbon and tell to the world
The flag in this conflict will never be furled,
But facing the foe, undaunted we stand,
For God, and for home and our own native land."

MRS. ALICE HIBACK,
Kane, Pa.

Many good suggestions, and timely advice, were necessarily omitted from this address.

Two Millions a Year.

When people buy, try and buy again, it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascarets Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year and it will be three million before New Year's. It means merit proved, that Cascarets are the most delightful bowel regulator for everybody the year round. All druggists 10c, 25c, 50c a box, cure guaranteed.

A. B. Armstrong & Co. guarantee the American Silver Truss to give entire satisfaction or refund money.

Incorporation Notice.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania on the eighth day of August, A. D. 1898, by Frank P. Hamilton, Frank Fosmaster, Edwin S. Tait, of Bradford, Pa., [illegible], H. L. Sloan, of Smethport, Pa., J. D. [illegible], of Union City, Pa., and D. Carmody, of Limestone, N. Y., under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of natural gas companies," approved May 29th, 1885, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called [illegible] [illegible] the character and object of which is for the purpose of producing, dealing in and [illegible] and supplying natural gas [illegible] and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto.

EDWIN S. TAIT,
Solicitor.

Bradford, Pa., July 12, 1898.—3t

Notice to Builders.

Hamlin township school board will build a two-roomed school house at Granere, four miles west of Mt. Jewett, one story, 12 feet to ceiling, [illegible] feet in plan, with hip-roof, sided, painted and plastered. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the McKean Miner. Hamlin township school board will meet at Mt. Jewett on July [illegible] at [illegible] p. m. to receive bids, and reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

N. P. LAWSON,
Sec'y Board.

STOP AND SEE
Holder, the Grocery Man
Opera House Block, Smethport, Pa.,
Who solicits a share of your patronage.
HIGH GRADE. LOW PRICES.

For Sale
Bee Hives
[illegible]
prices.
ED. NORMAN, Smethport.

While They Last
[illegible]
Columbia
Bicycles
\$40.
This is the greatest bargain we have ever offered.
M. L. ARMSTRONG, Agent,
Smethport, Pa.

Buckeye Agency.

The world famed Buckeye Mowers, Banner Binders, Elevator Binders, Drop Reapers, Hay Rakes and Tedders are on hand, and for sale at bottom prices.
To have the Buckeye is to have the very best that has been made by human hands. Up-to-date in every respect. If in want of any farm machinery see me sure.
A. T. PALMER.
Agent for McKean county.

ACME MILL,
J. H. GREEN, Prop'r.
MY STOCK IS FRESH
AND CONSISTS OF:
Flour, Feed, Meal,
Wheat, Corn,
Oats, Hay,
Straw, Bran,
Middlings, Hominy,
Linseed Meal, Etc.
Goods Delivered Promptly.
Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

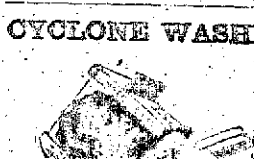
Hammocks,
the latest at lowest prices.
Stationery
in all the novelties.
Calling Cards a Specialty.
Try our
Poultry Panacea.
New Louse Killer,
guaranteed to kill in one night.
H. C. Wells' Drug Store,
Opera House Block. Smethport, Pa.

Leonard Koenig,
located near the creamery, is prepared to do all kinds of
PAINTING
AND
DECORATING.
UPHOLSTERING
Always done neatly and promptly. Latest styles of coverings on hand.
Smethport, Penna.

For a
FINE, HOT OYSTER STEW
Step into the
Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars and
Fine Confectioneries
Always on Hand.
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

DENTISTRY.
Modern, scientific and up-to-date.
Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

CYCLONE WASHER.



MRS. LINDA E. BUSH, Agent,
TURTLE POINT, PENNA.
Lafayette, June 28, 1898.
I have used the Cyclone Washer and it does the best work in less time of any washer I've ever used.
Mrs. H. W. Evans.
[illegible]

At Mason's
Hardware
1898 Spring 1898
\$35 Bicycles \$35
Farming Implements
Screen Doors,
all Sizes and Styles from 65c up.
Adjustable Window Screens,
at all prices.
6-qt Milk Pans 50c doz

John Vanblad,
Practical Horseshoer.
I have rented the blacksmith shop of T. H. Purtle and am now well prepared to do
HORSESHOEING
and
BLACKSMITHING
of all kinds in a prompt and satisfactory manner.
Special attention to shoeing interfering and sore horses.
A share of your patronage solicited.
John Vanblad,
WATER ST. SMETHPORT, PA.

THOS. H. CLARK,
(Successor to W. P. Walsh.)
Practical Plumber,
Gas and Steam Fitter.
Dealer in
Bath Tubs, Water Closets, Wash Basins, Gas Stoves, Gas Fixtures, Steel and Tin Roofing, etc. Also Galvanized Conductors and Tin Spouting.
Agent for the Welsbach Lamps.
Thos. H. Clark,
SMETHPORT, PA.

A. MILLER & SON,
Lumber and Shingles,
SASH,
DOORS,
GLASS and
WEIGHTS.
Bradford, Pa.
86 Kennedy St.
GIVE US A TRIAL
order and
We will save you
money.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
[illegible]
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

We Protect You.

What makes this store the Great Supply House? Not price alone. Not variety alone. Better than both is the knowledge which we have gained of what is best for you. We test about everything. We recommend nothing until we have proved it. We advertise no article until we can warrant it.
The protection which we afford you is the best feature of this store.

Rubber Paint.
We have tested it for 18 years and have proved that it outlasts common paint two or three times over. Sold ready-mixed, in 24 colors and white, \$1.50 per gal.

China.
One hundred dinner sets always here for choice. Prices from \$6.75 up. Every set warranted not to craze. Any set sold here can be matched at any time. Haviland and all other foreign china imported by us direct. We sell everything in china.

\$19.50 Sewing Machines.
We sell the \$55 style of the Demorest for \$19.50 cash. You cannot find a better machine at any price.

Gas Fixtures.
We show all the styles that are sold, and we cut the usual price fully 25 per cent.

Belts and Girdles.
We show in our jewelry department all the latest Parisian styles. You cannot find more novelty and beauty in the largest stock in the country.

Refrigerators.
For 16 years we have sold Vogt's refrigerators. We sell them still because they are honest. They are made to save ice. They are cheap. We never expect to find so good a refrigerator that can be sold so low. Prices \$8.00 up. Ice chests \$5.50.

Baby Cabs.
We have sold Sweet's baby cabs about as long because they are durable. They have important features that no other cabs have. You get novelty springs, patent braket, patent parasol holders, rubber-tired wheels. You can choose from 52 styles—\$6.50 up.

Hammocks—50 cts up.
Peerless Ice Cream Freezers.
Tricycles at actual cost.
Velocipedes—\$1 50.
Iron Express Wagons—\$1.00.

HARNESS. The largest stock and by far the lowest prices that are within reach of you.

L. Emery, Jr., & Co., Bradford.

TO THE PUBLIC
in general and
LADIES IN PARTICULAR
You are respectfully invited to my store to look over the prettiest lot of dress goods ever brought into town; also the largest and best assortment of Women's, Misses' and Children's Shoes in black and tan colors.
From week to week I propose to advertise specialties, giving the public an idea of the large stock of merchandise carried in my store. This week I would call your attention to our
Wash Dress Goods, in Linen and Linen Effects, Light and Dark Percales, Lawns, Madras cloth, Piques, Cambrics, Plain and Dotted Swiss Mulls.
In Shoes you can see a window full of samples; inside are dozens of pairs. Do not be afraid to ask to look over the stock. If you do not see what you want ask for it and we will be only too glad to show you.
D. C. YOUNG'S,
May 10, 1898. Smethport, Pa.

Where are We at?
Our Office is at
Smethport, McKean County, Pa.
BUT
We are with You if you wish to Buy
Only a sample order will convince you that You're with Us
Call and see us, or write us for quotations.
Lumber
Lath
Shingles
Siding
Flooring
Ceiling
Moulding
Doors
Windows
Screens
Glass.
HOO-HOO.
HOLMES & GILFILLAN.

We Sell
OUR OWN Hand-made, Platform and Buckboard Wagons, Oak Tan, Hand-stitched Harness.
GRATON CARRIAGE CO.'S Indestructible Vehicles in all styles.
MURRAY & CO.'S CELEBRATED Summer Horse Clothing and Lap Dusters.
We take pleasure in showing these goods to everybody and would like to show them to you.
OAK LEATHER HARNESS & CARRIAGE CO.,
Sign, THE GRAY HORSE. 258 Union St., Olean, N. Y.

NEW
Golf Shirts

PERFECT FITTING

Handsome Patterns in Madras, Flannel and Silk Stripes.

Wash Goods

SPECIAL BARGAINS

We bought them at half price and will give our customers the benefit.

Car Load of Flour

FINE GRADE AND FRESH.

Come in. Get Prices.
It will Pay You.

F. G. Lindholm & Co.
General Merchants.
Smethport, Pa.

The Season for Views

is now here. Have this work done when the foliage is prettiest. That time is now.

Still headquarters for fine photographs.

The Latest Improved Graphophone

is here. Come to the studio and hear it. If you want one I have the agency.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer,
Smethport, Pa.

"SHOES."

We will send to any responsible person SHOES to select from. We have everything in

Fine Shoes

in styles and quality that cannot be purchased in any small town. We make a specialty of FINE SHOES; every width and size.

BURT & PACKARD'S Korrect Shape Shoes for Men. We refer you to our many customers in Smethport.

R. W. Bloodsworth & Co.,
Olean, N. Y.

Smoke

The American Gentleman Cigar.

Don't take the "just as good" kind, but insist on the genuine article. No artificial flavoring. Nothing used in its manufacture but "pure quill" stock. For sale everywhere.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

SMETHPORT, FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1898.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Send in your job work.

—Go to Port Allegany on the 28th.

—Carl Sasse has the contract for painting the Grand Central.

—For any kind of up-to-date job work come to the MINER office.

—Real estate and personal property leases for sale at this office.

—For a good healthy drink go to the creamery and get buttermilk.

—Isithotenoughforyou?—Warren Mirror. Betyourbottomdollaritis.

—Thomas Pilky of Emporium has again started for the Klondike country.

—C. M. Leet has a new sidewalk in front of his residence on Mechanic street.

—The wall is nearly finished for Holmes & Gilfillan's house on Bank street.

—Leonard Koenig is painting and papering C. Herzog's house on west Main street.

—The Sunday school children of the M. E. church held a picnic at the chapel Tuesday.

—State Senator F. W. Higgins of Olean was renominated at Olean last Wednesday.

—There was a severe frost on Cole creek Tuesday morning, killing buckwheat and corn.

—Prof. Housworth, optician, will be in Smethport July 18. For further information see ad.

—Rev. J. T. Walker preached a most eloquent sermon Sunday morning, taking for his text Isa. 66: 13.

—Geo. A. Schoonmaker, who was in jail for costs, was released on Monday under the insolvent act.

—Most of our ministers preached stirring sermons Sunday, in accordance with the President's message.

—Peter Jones, formerly of Colegrove, orders his MINER sent to Portville, N.Y., where he is now located.

—Frank Rumsey is deserving of a compliment for the fine style in which he keeps his large vegetable garden.

—Eldred begins to feel the throb of improvement. A new steam saw mill with a capacity of 40,000 feet per day is being erected.

—Lizzie Hill of Bradford, who was in jail on the charge of selling liquor without license, was let out on bail Tuesday morning.

—In some sections of Potter county there were heavy frosts Tuesday morning. Corn and buckwheat suffering considerably.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Warshofsky gave a birthday party last Wednesday in honor of their little daughter Rosalind's second birthday.

—The residence of J. N. Apple, under the manipulation of brushes in the hands of Carl and Herman Sasse, is being handsomely beautified.

—The annual meeting of the Western Pennsylvania Press Club will be held at the Reed House, Erie, Friday evening, July 15, at 8 o'clock.

—Married, at the residence of J. W. Voorhees, July 14, 1898, by Rev. T. E. Taylor, Mr. Frank Tabor and Miss M. Belle [illegible], both of Buffalo.

—The many friends of T. P. Mullin of Bradford in this vicinity will be pleased to learn that he has so far recovered as to enjoy the bracing air of Rock City.

—The [illegible] annual encampment of the G. A. R. will be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, during the week of Sept. 5 to 10, 1898.

—Lost, on Saturday, July 2, between bakery and Gallup school house, a light astrachan fur cape. Finder please leave same at this office.

—Contractors will please notice call for bids of the Hamlin township school board in another column for the erection of a school house at Granere.

—The residence of Judge Henry Hamlin continues to grow more beautiful every day under the brush handled by N. F. Farris of Farmers Valley.

—Rev. J. Heber McCandless observed the President's message of thanksgiving by preaching an eloquent sermon last Sunday morning at St. Luke's.

—Herman Sasse informed the MINER Wednesday that he, with his father, had secured the contract for painting thirteen school houses in Keating township.

—Claude D. Shattuck on Thursday of last week caught a black bass at the mouth of Potato creek that was 17½ inches long and weighed three pounds.

—J. Colegrove tells you about another Saturday bargain in his advertisement this week. The people are beginning to learn that they can save money at these sales.

—The Smethport Gas company will drill a new well on the farm of Michael O'Reilly on Open brook. Ghordis Oviatt has the contract and will proceed with the work at once.

—The MINER is pleased to learn that Rudolph Sasse has been appointed Colonel's orderly. Well, Niff always was a lucky dog, anyway, and he will please accept our congratulations.

—S. Hicks, the optician, will be at the Palace Pharmacy four days next week, beginning Monday. This will be his last visit to Smethport until September. See advertisement in another column.

—The largest monument in Farmers Valley cemetery has just been placed on the lot of Mr. Samuel P. Beckwith. It is of granite and stands about ten feet high. Foley Bros. of Olean did the work.

—The Potter Journal has passed the half century mark and for a paper of such a great age looks remarkably healthy. Here is hoping that the paper and its able editor may live to celebrate the full century.

—Through the kindness of Senator Boies Penrose the MINER has received the report of the "Climate in Cuba" and also a "Note on the weather in Manilla," issued by the United States Department of Agriculture.

—The report reached here on Saturday that Potter county had another murder case on its hands. A Jew peddler had been killed Friday night near Bailey Run by having his throat cut by some unknown party.

—We are in receipt of a communication from Clermont stating that in an exciting game of ball at that place the first of the week a picked nine called the "Cow Slips" had defeated the first nine by a score of 14 to 13.

—H. W. Rubin & Co. advertise a great clearance sale this week. They are going to dispose of their immense stock of spring and summer clothing at greatly reduced prices. It will pay you to read the ad. and call on them.

—The platform and walk at the B., B. & K. depot has been rebuilt and the platform extended out nearer the track, making it much more convenient to board the cars. This will be highly appreciated by the traveling public.

—When this cruel war with Spain is over, just watch the inventive and ingenious Yankee hie himself down to that fertile island and under the influence and energy that will be put forth the island will bloom like a rose.

—Leonard Koenig has been displaying his skill with the brush in making the Chautauqua House present an attractive appearance, both inside and out. Mr. Bacon is sparing no pains or expense in beautifying his popular hostelry.

—Rev. Dr. Walker will preach next Sunday at 10:30 a. m., subject: "Bible election, or how our election may be made sure." In the evening, at 8 o'clock, "Wise Words of Eliphaz to Job." The evening services during the summer months will be short.

—The report reached here yesterday of a gas well explosion at Sharon, Potter county, Monday. While the drillers were at work there was a sudden rush of gas that set the derrick on fire and burned up everything within reach, the men barely escaping cremation.

—Ole Snyder of Buffalo, well and favorably known here, spent Sunday with his esteemed better half and relatives at Port Allegany. Mr. Snyder devoted a few days this week to enticing trout from the waters of the Nine Mile and fighting gnats and mosquitoes.

—There were two passengers from Kane on the ill-fated steamer, La Bourgogne, which was sunk on July 4th. Louis Hacquet and John B. Nichols. The former was drowned but the latter succeeded in reaching one of the boats and was rescued.—Kane Republican.

—The little child of Byron Ostrander of Liberty township narrowly escaped serious injury last week. Mr. Ostrander was mowing in front of the house when the child ran out and got in front of the mower. Both feet were quite badly cut, five stitches being taken in one and two in the other.

—A load of Smethport young people were in town to attend the 4th. They reported having a delightful time. The party was composed as follows: Misses Nellie Messer, Della and Verna Hafner, Tavia Ramer, Lydia Burlingame, Mazie Dunn, Marie Jackson, Mrs. Armour and Mr. Fred McCarty.—Reporter.

—Ex-County Commissioner C. P. Kilburn of Sunderlinville, Potter county, was laid to rest last Sunday. He was quite a prominent man in that locality, having been thrice elected county commissioner. He was a brother of Major J. M. Kilburn of Potter and a half brother of Hon. J. B. Niles of Wellsboro. He was 76 years of age.

—Chas. Latham was a pleasant caller at the MINER office Monday and while here left a copy of the Bradford Directory of 1898, just issued by Latham & Williams. The work is very complete, containing in addition directories of several adjacent towns, Smethport being among them. This work ought to be in the hands of every business man in the county.

—In the proper place will be found the card of the Chadwick House, Larabee, now presided over by G. H. Squires. This house has recently been painted and refitted throughout, and Mr. and Mrs. Squires are prepared to cater to the traveling public in a manner that will be highly appreciated by all who are so fortunate as to come under their care. Give them a call.

—Another meeting of the ladies of Smethport will be held in the parlors of the hose house on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock to make bandages and nightshirts for the sick and wounded soldiers. This is a work that every lady should be interested in and it is to be hoped there will be a large attendance at our next meeting. Any contributions will be thankfully received and well applied.

—Ralph Gleason last Saturday received a new graphophone with some finely selected music. Mr. Gleason takes great pleasure in inviting his friends to his studio and giving them a musical treat.

—To give the people here some idea of the amount of material required to erect the glass plant, there will be used of brick, fire-brick, stone, lime and cement between fifteen and sixteen hundred tons. There will be used in the erection of the furnaces 300 tons of fire-brick that weigh from 300 to 1,000 pounds apiece.

—The MINER man has heard of various sized bears, but never heard of any like the following: "At Trout Run, Lycoming county, a few days ago, Allen Covert shot and killed a bear that weighed nearly 600 pounds. The animal measured seven feet and five and one-half inches in length and seven feet and two inches in width."—Emporium Independent.

—A ruling has just been made by the Internal Revenue Department at Washington that will be of interest to the mineral water manufacturers. It is to the effect that if the mineral waters are to be used exclusively as beverages, then they are not taxable; but if advertised as possessing medicinal qualities they must be classed as medicines and pay the tax.

—Last week A. J. Evans, who for ten years has wielded the editorial pen on the Ulysses Sentinel, resigned the quill in favor of Prof. T. G. Gardner of the same place. The MINER regrets to see Mr. Evans leave the field of newspaperdom, but failing health compelled him to seek a change. May fortune follow both the departing and arriving, and may Mr. Gardner find the new field upon which he enters pleasant and congenial.

—There has not been a time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant when there has been so much painting and general fixing up of residences and business places as has been going on here this season. The MINER is pleased to note that our residents are doing all in their power to make our town present a pleasant appearance. Let the good work go on. Smethport has entered upon an era of prosperity that is bound to continue.

—There is no question but what a back run between this place and Hazel Hurst could be made to pay. There ought to be a daily mail route both ways between the two towns and if a good conveyance were put on a great many passengers would take advantage of its convenience. Likewise the many farmers along the route would be greatly benefited by such an institution. Let some energetic man who has a good team start the concern and will soon receive the mail route.

—The curfew bell is getting in its work in Hornellsville and at 9 o'clock all the good little boys and girls hie themselves homeward thanking their stars that they are not compelled to stay out any longer, while our little boys and girls here, owing to the hard-heartedness of their parents, are compelled to stay out as late as ten and eleven o'clock at night. Why this cruelty to the little ones? The parents ought to be given a dose of justice for compelling their loved ones to remain out in the miasmatic night air.

—It is sincerely hoped that those having the land and money will commence the erection of several tenement houses in our pleasant town. No better investment could be made. At least thirty-five families will come who will want houses to live in and there are none for rent. The chances are exceedingly bright for another large industry being erected here very soon. Take time by the forelock and build while materials can be obtained at reasonable prices. If dwellings are erected they need not be costly, but made comfortable. A man who erects a snug building, with modern conveniences, can always secure a good tenant at a fair rental.

—"Dagmar," or rather John O. Sonberg, the Bradford correspondent to Vart Land, published at Jamestown, in his last week's letter takes the Mt. Jewett News to task for publishing some quaint but excellent remarks in the Swedish-American dialect. The MINER is equally guilty with the News. The article with its terse expressions reminds one of Artemas Ward or Josh Billings, and it is surprising that Mr. Sonberg should hasten to take offense where none was intended. The MINER has too much respect for the honest and hardy Swedes who have settled in this section and are making comfortable homes for themselves to say ought in derision of them in any way. They are a credit to any community wherever they may locate.

—Young Paul Snyder created quite a little excitement here the fourth. As he and Fritz Klappenbach were running along, their eyes intent on a balloon ascension, the Snyder boy fell into the creek. The other boy, in his excitement over the accident, started off without ascertaining the result and breathlessly announced the drowning of Paul Snyder to his mother. In the meanwhile young Snyder had gathered himself up, ran to the house and hid himself behind the door, doubtless afraid of punishment for his heedlessness. His mother by this time was nearly wild, every other mother and father of boys were breathlessly counting their children; Henry Coleman was diving about in water up to his neck in search of a lost boy and the excitement ran high for awhile. The last condition of that boy hearsay reporteth not.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—On Monday Mrs. Ghordis Corwin was 90 years old and for one of her age she is remarkably active. She assists in doing the housework, etc., and when a meal is finished she goes right to work washing dishes just as a younger person would do. Some 12 or 14 years ago she fell, injuring one of her limbs, from the effects of which she has been more or less lame. Her maiden name was Armenia Sartwell. She was born in Littleton, N. H., in 1808, and moved with her parents to McKean county in 1816. This county was then a wild, uncultivated wilderness and they endured all the hardships and privations of a new country. In 1827 she married Ghordis Corwin. When but 18 years old she was converted and joined the first Methodist class that was organized in Smethport. Ever since she has lived a consistent Christian life and, though quite deaf, she greatly enjoys going to church. The MINER hopes that she may live to see many more happy birthdays.

—Geo. B. McCalmont, a prominent citizen of Bradford, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head with a revolver late last Thursday afternoon. The Bradford papers state that he had been indulging quite freely and was under the influence of liquor when he committed the rash deed. He entered a livery stable and asked for a rig, but the proprietor noticing his condition advised him to go home. He went to the residence of Mrs. Sarah Kennedy, his foster mother, and requested her to go with him for a ride. She begged to be excused, noting his inebriated state. He then asked for some money which she had in keeping for him, but she told him to wait until he felt differently. McCalmont deliberately walked to his bed room and shot himself, as above stated. The deceased was born in [illegible] Madison, Iowa, Sept. 4, 1845. He had but recently returned from Wyoming, where he had been extensively engaged in oil operations. The funeral was held Wednesday.

A Busy Week.

On Monday afternoon, through the kindness of Col. Morrison, the MINER man enjoyed a very pleasant drive to the metropolis of Hazel Hurst. The roads were very dusty and the [illegible] and extending [illegible]

The valley [illegible] all along with well-cultivated farms and the owners were all busily engaged in storing hay, and there is a remarkable crop of it up the Marvin. The only drawback is that the most of it is timothy hay, there being very little clover in that section. Potatoes look fairly well, but corn shows the wet, backward season that it passed through. Quite a number of the farmers have erected commodious and attractive looking homes and the good housewives have added to their comfortable appearance by the cultivation of flowers. This drive up the Marvin creek valley is one of the finest in this locality.

At 2:30 that young hive of industry, our destination, came in view. The MINER had heard much of the large business interests that were in operation there, but was not prepared for the surprise that greeted our eyes. At the lower end of the town men and teams were hard at work clearing up ground that had already been staked out into village lots, blowing out immense stumps three and four feet in diameter with dynamite, which shivered them into fragments. As we drove up through the main street, with fine looking business places on each side, we were forcibly impressed with the neat appearance of the village. There are many stores in cities that would suffer by comparison with the neat little stores of Hazel Hurst, fourteen in number.

Driving across the valley we passed the large acid works of Messrs. Berkalew & Davis which employs a large force of men, the factory having 14 pairs of retorts. They have stored in their yards about 5,500 feet of four-foot wood. No one can form any idea of this large stock without seeing it. Down below the acid factory is the large handle factory of Mr. J. H. Wescott, which employs about 25 men and is a thriving industry. Mr. R. Delmage has a large shingle mill which is kept busy in order to supply covering for the many new buildings in the course of erection there. Then came the large saw mill of the late B. F. Hazelton with an output of about 75,000 feet per day and employs in the neighborhood of 75 men. Their immense piles of lumber in the yards speak of the extensive business this concern is carrying on. There are two stem-winder engines, one kept busy in the yards and the other climbing the grade to Mt. Jewett.

At the upper end of the town is where work is kept humming; the erection of the addition to the glass plant. The old plant is quite a large institution, being a 20-blower capacity. The addition will be a 30-blower, and will be of the following dimensions: Blow house, 105x120 feet; flattening house, 120x174 feet. F. S. Baker of this place has about 33 men employed on the wood work, while Col. Morrison has about 35 men engaged on brick and stone work. It is truly surprising the amount of work that has been accomplished in the short space of time these men have been there, when it is taken into consideration that they went right among stumps, brush and logs and were compelled to clear the ground in order to secure a building spot. Mr. Baker informed us that there are over 600 men employed in Hazel Hurst, of which there can be no doubt when one looks in every direction and finds men delving and toiling with all their might.

We were pleased to find so many of our Smethport tradesmen employed on the works. In one lot alone we saw 14 houses in the course of construction, from laying the foundation walls to putting on the finishing touches.

No one who has not visited this thriving town can have any conception of the vast amount of business carried on there. It is doubtful if there is any location in the county, outside of Bradford and Kane, that can come any where near competing with this lively place, and they will soon be compelled to look to their laurels or they will be left in the race by this rising young town hidden among the mountains.

At 4:20, after devoting two brief hours to viewing these interesting sights, with regrets we bade adieu to the pleasant town and people and in one hour and a half were at home enjoying our supper and living over again in memory the many interesting scenes we had witnessed. While there we met Mr. D. W. Tappan, formerly of Pittsburg, who superintends the glass cutting department and is a very pleasant gentleman indeed, who spared no pains to explain, as did Col. Morrison, the intricate workings of the plant.

From Orderly Sasse.

CHARLESTON, S. C., July 11, 1898.

EDITOR MINER.

DEAR SIR:—It has been a long time since I have written to you, so I will write you a few lines. Sunday, July 3d, we received notice to be ready to move in two hours' notice and on Tuesday, July 5th, we received word to break camp. At 3 p. m. general alarm was sounded (a call for tents to be packed for moving) and the tents all went down as though a wind storm had struck the camp. As soon as the wagons were loaded the regiment assembled in battalions and everything was then in readiness to move. At 4 p. m. the order was given to march and the 16th of Pennsylvania left Chickamauga for Charleston, S. C. We had a march of ten miles to Ringold, where we took the train for Charleston. When we arrived at Ringold we camped until 7:30 Wednesday morning, owing to our train being the last to leave, the 2d and 3d Wisconsin being ahead of the 16th and we had to wait until they were loaded.

The regiment was furnished with sleeping cars on our trip and the boys enjoyed them very much. We arrived at Atlanta for dinner and at Augusta for supper. We arrived in Charleston at 10:30 a. m. We were sidetracked for about an hour and then we were moved to the docks, where we unloaded our baggage, and are still camped. We are where we can look over the bay. The old historic fort of Sumpter can be seen from our dock, which is about seven miles but looks to be only about two. Friday the 6th Massachusetts left for Santiago and on Sunday the 6th Illinois left on the Rita, a Spanish prize captured at Havana.

There are also two or three other prizes in the harbor, but they are small sail boats. An ice company brings the regiment a ton of ice every day and the charges are all paid. One of the boys went to have a tooth filled and when he asked for his bill the doctor said that the bill was paid and to tell the rest of the boys if they had any teeth to be filled to come and he would fill them for nothing. We cannot complain about the people of the South not treating us well.

Well, I think I have written enough for this time. When we arrive at our destination I will try and let you know where we are and what we are doing. Give my regards to all of the people.

Yours truly,
R. C. SASSE.

The chief burgess of Milesburg, Pa., says DeWitt's Little Early Risers are the best pills he ever used in his family during forty years of housekeeping. They cure constipation, sick headache and stomach and liver troubles. Small in size but great in results. A. B. Armstrong & Co., druggists.

Bob Moore of LaFayette, Ind., says that for constipation he has found DeWitt's Little Early Risers to be perfect. [illegible] druggists.

Come and see [illegible] spring carriages.

8-4t [illegible]

PERSONAL MENTION.

[illegible] T. A. Morrison [illegible]

[illegible] Bradford and Kane [illegible]

[illegible] was in town on business [illegible].

[illegible] McKean went over the hill to Bradford yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Burdick drove to Bradford yesterday.

Gen'l R. N. Wilson was down from Colegrove Saturday.

W. O. Hamlin and son returned to New York City yesterday.

Sheridan Gorton visited the oil metropolis on business Monday.

Mrs. F. E. Baldwin of Austin is the guest of her parents in town.

Geo. W. Mitchell and T. F. Richmond drove to Bradford Tuesday.

Frank Taber of Buffalo was here Wednesday as the guest of John Voorhees.

M. F. and Miss Bessie Scanlon of Colegrove visited Smethport Tuesday.

Carl Wolford of Port Allegany was transacting business in town this week.

Mrs. I. S. Gleason started Monday morning for a week's outing at Celoron.

George Barker of Colegrove was a pleasant caller at this office Wednesday.

Mrs. Charles W. T. Raisley of Brooklyn is visiting relatives and friends in town.

Mrs. Chas. Bosworth and daughter of Brooklyn arrived in town yesterday noon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Schott and family of Olean visited Carl Sasse and wife Sunday.

Mrs. F. C. Pierce and Miss Ida Bennett returned home from Buffalo Saturday night.

Frank Brennan, of the firm of Brennan & Davis, Bradford, was in town over Sunday.

William and George Wilson of Angelica, N. Y., have been visiting at D. C. Young's.

J. H. Tate and J. L. Smith of Clermont were in town last Saturday transacting business.

W. P. Eckels spent the week in Kane breathing the pure air that predominates there.

'Squire Ed. Carpenter and G. H. Squires of Eldred were transacting business in town Saturday.

Edwin Vannatter, formerly employed by Holmes & Gilfillan, is a guest of F. G. Lindholm.

Charley Slack and Miss Anna Curtis of Eldred were guests of Miss Bessie Dantley on Sunday.

Mrs. L. Scanlon and daughter, Miss Agnes, of Colegrove were guests at the Commercial House Saturday.

The Olean Times says: Mrs. Ruth Taylor of Smethport is visiting her brother, R. W. Bloodsworth.

Mrs. E. E. Chambers went to New York city Tuesday afternoon to purchase new millinery for her store.

County Treasurer T. B. Clark and son, T. R. Clark, of Bradford autographed at the Grand Central Tuesday.

Mrs. H. L. McCoy and daughter, Miss Alice, returned last Saturday evening from several days' visit to Buffalo.

Pat E. Anderson was down from Kane Sunday to enjoy the religious influence that prevails in our churches here.

Miss Ruth Walker returned to her home in Bradford on Monday after an extended visit among her many Smethport friends.

R. C. Gleason is in attendance at the annual reunion of the Photographers' Association of America at Jamestown this week.

Mrs. G. W. King was called to Pine Grove, Schuylkill county, Tuesday afternoon on account of the serious illness of her mother.

Miss Hilda Lawson returned to Smethport Monday after an absence of several weeks. She has been nursing in Bolivar, Richburg and Olean.

Thomas Camp, treasurer of the Camp Glass company, and O. S. Moorhouse arrived in town last Tuesday and will take up their abode with us.

D. F. Wright, J. A. Yerdon, C. A. Burdick and Charles Yates were fishing at Larabee Tuesday. United they succeeded in [illegible] one little fish.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrigan of Rhinelander, Wis., have been visiting friends in town for a few days. Tuesday Mr. Harrigan started for New York city while his wife remained here.

Col. [illegible] Stebbins of Coudersport, one of the original Wanamaker adherents, was in town Wednesday. Charley says he is out of politics and has turned granger. Life on the farm seems to agree with him as he was looking fine.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon K. Hogarth and children and Mrs. F. W. Hogarth enjoyed a pleasant drive to Bradford Sunday via Crosby and Cyclone, returning via Rew and Farmers Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Wilder started Monday morning on their wheels from Elmira, arriving here Tuesday at 2 o'clock and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Weiss of East Smethport. They made excellent time considering the hilly condition of the roads.

Mrs. J. D. Provin and son, who have been visiting the mother of the lady, Mrs. L. Sloan, who lives above town, returned to their home in Warsaw, N. Y. Mrs. Provin is a very estimable lady and stated that she was highly pleased with her visit here.

Mrs. T. H. Ryan and her daughter Mrs. J. K. Morrison and two children of Emporium and Mrs. Jennie Griffiths of Kane and little daughter of Benton Ryan started Tuesday for Belfast, N. Y., to attend the 87th birthday of C. P. Marsh, father to Mesdames Ryan and Griffiths. Three generations went from here.

Extremely Low Rate Excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

Sunday, July 17th, the Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Ry. will run a midsummer excursion to Buffalo and Niagara Falls, leaving Bradford at 9:35 a. m.

Returning, special train will leave the Falls at 6:30 p. m. and Buffalo from N. Y. C. Exchange street station at 7:30 p. m. and the fare for the round trip will be $1.50. Tickets good going and returning on trains scheduled above, also good for return passage from Buffalo on regular trains Monday, July 18th, and from Bradford on regular train Tuesday, July 19th, 1898.

A pleasure trip to the Falls at this season of the year is most enjoyable and the rate named will enable everyone to take advantage of it. Children between 5 and 12 years of age, half fare.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

The reduction in freight rates enables me to sell brick, lime, cement and tile at reduced rates. Persons intending to build will do well to get my prices. Having furnished lime, cement, tile, &c., for the glass plant it enables me to sell such materials lower than they were ever sold to Smethport before.

A. REILLY,
37-4t. Smethport, Pa.

"I think DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the finest preparation on the market for piles." So writes John D. Dunn of Wheeling, W. Va. Try it and you will think the same. It also cures eczema and all skin diseases. A. B. Armstrong & Co., druggists.

The editor of the Evans City, Pa., Globe, writes: "One Minute Cough Cure is rightly named. It cured my children after all other remedies failed." It cures coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles. A. B. Armstrong & Co., druggists.

For Sale.

A fine residence in Smethport, within 3 minutes' walk of the court house; gas, water and closets. The house is a two-story structure, large and commodious. Will be sold cheap and on reasonable terms. Inquire at this office.

Mrs. A. Sturdevant has opened Ice Cream Parlors in the Holly Block and will serve patrons to the most delicious cream made. Ice cream in bricks for families. 24 tf

For Sale.

One of the [illegible]

[illegible] Water street.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[illegible]

Miss [illegible] of [illegible], Miss [illegible] her sister, Mrs. Alma [illegible] Monday morning [illegible]

Saturday [illegible] painful scald [illegible] nearly severed at the [illegible].

The song of the mowing machine is once again heard in the land and the evening breezes are laden with the invigorating fragrance of new-mown hay.

Only two weeks before the grand band picnic at Port Allegany. Our band will have to get a hustle on them if they would save their reputation.

Mrs. Tanner and daughter of Holland, N. Y., accompanied by her sister, Miss Jessie Cooper, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Crandall.

Miss Olfa Briggs of Friendship, N. Y., visited at the home of her nephew, W. H. Prentiss, last week.

Our new landlord, Geo. Squires, is making quite extensive repairs in and around the hotel.

MT. ALTON.

Miss Norma Washburn of Montague, Mich., who is making her home with her aunt, Mrs. Ann Burder of Port Allegany, is visiting her uncle at Mt. Alton.

John McCarty, formerly of Smethport, has returned from West Virginia to his family in this place. He thinks of setting up a shoe shop in Alton.

Rev. Tubbs thinks of holding a meeting in the grove at Ormsby on the 24th inst.

Miss Kathryn McCarten has returned to her home in Bradford.

Mrs. Kate Marrow visited friends in Bradford last week.

REDUCED RATES TO THE SEASHORE.

Low-Rate Excursion to Atlantic City, &c., via Pennsylvania Railroad.

In order to afford the residents of Northwestern Pennsylvania an opportunity to spend a season at Atlantic City or the other South Jersey seaside resorts at a comparatively small expense, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged for three low rate ten-day excursions from Erie, Troy, Bellefonte, Williamsport, Mocanaqua, Sunbury, Shenandoah, Dauphin and principal intermediate stations (including stations on branch roads) to Atlantic City, Cape May, Ocean City, Sea Isle City, Avalon, Anglesea, Wildwood or Holly Beach on Thursdays, July 21, August 4 and 18, 1898.

Excursion tickets, good to return by regular trains within ten days, will be sold at very low rates. Tickets to Atlantic City will be sold via the Delaware River Bridge Route, the only all rail line, or via Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia.

For information in regard to specific rates and time of trains consult hand bills, or apply to agents or E. S. Harrar Division Ticket Agent, Williamsport, Pa.

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of constipation and sick headache. For malaria and liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c per box. Sold A. B. Armstrong & Co. druggists.

Where Will You Spend Your Summer Vacation.

The W. N. Y. & P. Ry. announces two delightful excursions to the Thousand Islands, to be run July 23d and August 20th. The train will leave Smethport at 9:20 a. m. Fare for round trip $6.50. Tickets will be good ten days returning.

Among the Thousand Islands on the St. Lawrence river is a most charming resort for a week's vacation; boating, fishing and steamboat excursions are among the pleasures derived at the Thousand Islands. For full information call on W. N. Y. & P. Ry. agents, or write S. H. Newton, Excursion Manager, Buffalo, N. Y.

It Is Strange

that some people who say they never read patent medicine advertisements will be found lugging home every now and then a bottle of some favorite remedy of theirs. We don't bother you with much reading but just ask you to try a 10c trial bottle of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin for constipation, indigestion and stomach troubles. 50c and $1.00 sizes at A. B. Armstrong & Co.

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavins, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful blemish cure ever known. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

E. S. Blanks of Lewisville, Texas, writes that one box of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve was worth $50.00 to him. It cured his piles of ten years' standing. He advises others to try it. It also cures eczema, skin diseases and obstinate sores. A. B. Armstrong & Co., druggists.

"Last summer one of our grand-children was sick with a severe bowel trouble," says Mrs. E. G. Gregory of Fredericktown, Mo. "Our doctor's remedies had failed, then we tried Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which gave very speedy relief." For sale by A. B. Armstrong & Co.

R. D. Ames has made an arrangement with John Vanblad to occupy a portion of his Water street shop and is now prepared to do any and all kinds of wood work and carriage painting. He has ample room and facilities to do any and all kinds of work in his line.

Smethport, Pa., May 10, 1898.

WANTED—A position by a young lady, who is well up in stenography and bookkeeping. Will accept a position on trial. Address Bradford Business College, Bureau of Employment, Bradford, Pa.

Everybody Says So.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists.

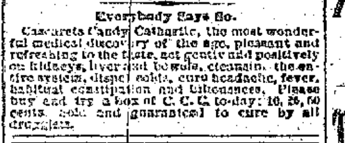
NOTICE!

Those having houses or rooms in Smethport for rent will confer a favor by calling on

R. E. BURDICK,
Hamlins' Bank.

MONDAY, JULY 18th.

FREE EYE EXAMINATION.



Tears Without Grief,
Do you shed them?

Can you read fine print without shedding tears? Do your eyes ache when you read by lamp light? Does the wind or strong light cause them to water? If your sight is defective we can help you. We can tell you precisely how to correct the defect which your eyes suffer.

Prof. HOUSEWORTH,
Eye Specialist,
Formerly with Queen & Co., Phila.

[illegible] ARMSTRONG,

Cash Bargain Day
SATURDAY, JULY 16.

Mason's Glass Top—

—Pint Fruit Jars, doz,	58c
—Quart " " "	62c
—½ Gal. " " "	79c
4 crown raisins, 4 lbs for	25c
4-lb package of Gold Dust	18c
8 bars Oak Leaf Soap for	25c
Any $1 corset in the store for	78c
A bottle of Root Beer that will make 10 gallons for	10c
Men's $1.00 pants to-day	78c
Men's Straw Hats 50 per cent off marked price.	
Men's Summer Dress Shirts 25 per cent off reg. price.	
Again we will sell 3 cans Red Seal Lye for	25c
Royal Axle Grease, 4 boxes for	25c

Remember the place.

106 E. Main Street.

J. Colegrove.

VALUABLE
BOROUGH LOTS
For Sale.

The following desirable lots in the Borough of Smethport are offered for sale by the subscribers:

Lot No. 3, in Square No. 86 on Main street, between the properties of D. L. Forsyth and Dr. F. C. Pierce.

Lots Nos. 2, 3 and 4 in Square No. 87, on Main street between Pike and Allegany streets.

Lots Nos. 3 and 7 in Square No. 67, adjoining on the west the property of W. H. Knight.

Lots Nos. 7 and 8 in Square No. 86, and 6, 7 and 8 in Square No. 87 on Water street, opposite the Camp glass works.

Lots Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8 in Square No. 45, lots Nos. 6 and 7 in Square No. 46, lots Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8 in Square No. 47, and lots Nos. 5, 6, 7 and 8 in Square No. 38, all on King street.

Five lots in the outlot on lower Main street, known as the McDonald lot. These lots are 68 feet wide by 300 feet deep.

For prices and terms of sale inquire of

Bouton & Gallup.

Smethport, June 23, 1898.

Necessity Knows No Law.

OUR STOCK OF

Men's and Boys'
Summer Clothing

must be closed out immediately. Price is not the consideration. Summer is flying and the time is short.

We have made price reductions for this Sale that no other Clothing Store has ever equalled.

The highest qualities will sell for whatever they will bring at this Great Clearance Sale.

H. W. Rubin & Co.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

The New England
BAKERY,
Cor. Main and Union Sts.,
IS THE PLACE TO PURCHASE

Fresh Home Made Bread, Cakes, Cookies, Pies.

Wedding and Pyramid Cakes
MADE TO ORDER ON SHORT NOTICE.

J. W. PICKERSGILL,
Smethport, Pa.

4—DAYS—4.

S. HICKS,
OPTICIAN,
KANE,

WILL TEST EYES AND FIT GLASSES AT

Dr. Chadwick's Drug Store,
Smethport, Pa.,
JULY 18, 19, 20 and 21.

Office hours from [illegible]

"THAT
CHEAP LOOK"

IS NOT A CHARACTERISTIC
OF OUR FURNITURE.

While it sells at the lowest level, it carries an air of respectability, comfort and grace that is to be found nowhere else except at a great advance in price. Remember, when about to purchase Furniture, that no matter how high the price or what the actual value, if characterized with "That Cheap Look" it must detract from the appearance of your home and that money thus expended is worse than thrown away. Our forte is to assist you in avoiding this calamity.

SLOAN & ERVIN,
16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA.

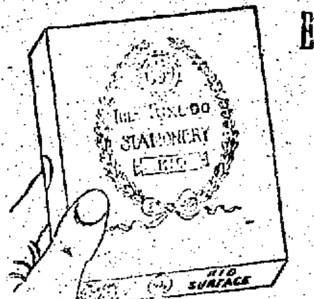
The Character of a Suit of Clothes

is the great portion of its value. It is this quality of character combined with lowness of price which has helped to make Greenewald's clothes so famous.

Crash Suits, Nobby Straw Hats.

124 Main St. GREENEWALD'S Bradford, Penn'a.

Leading Modern Clothiers.



Even if You Are

the most particular person in Smethport as regards your Stationery you will find just what you want in TUXEDO STATIONERY, at

McCOYS' DRUG STORE,
I. O. O. F. Block, Smethport, Pa.

Paris Green,
London Purple
and
Insect Powder
JUST RECEIVED AT

Armstrong & Co.,
SMETHPORT, PA. Opp. Court House.

New Summer Goods

Organdies,
Linens,
New Ginghams,
New Wool Goods,
Etc., Etc.

Our Tan Shoes

have been greatly reduced in price. We do not want to carry this stock over and we give you the benefit of low prices.

We always keep everything new in Millinery.

Mrs. E. E. Chambers & Co.,
SMETHPORT, PA.

ICE CREAM SODA,

that favorite drink, is now ready at Brasted's

The Ol' Man Racket

Men's cable seam Sunday dress Gloves from 75c. to $1.35.

Men's soft hats from 50c. to $1.

Men's work Shoes, oil grained & tap'd, $1.50. Thes wil giv U good servis.

Work and dress Shirts, Overalls & Pantaloons, & the prices R B low the lowest.

Ladies' 10 & 25c. gauze vests just Rec'd.

Also $3 Black Dress Skirts that we R running at $1.30 & $1.60.

A fu mor Ladies' N. Y. trim'd Hats—tha R bargains—sum R worth $6.00—wil sel at $3.50 to close out bal. of stock. Remember thes R not Home-made, but R trim'd on Broadway, N. Y. City.

More Coffe at 8c. lb.

OL MAN RACKET,
Sprague Block. Smethport.

UNDERTAKING
—AND—
EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR.

SPECHT & SASSE,
SMETHPORT, PA.

EMIL THAMM,
TAXIDERMIST.

Birds and Animals finely Stuffed and Mounted.

Manufacturer of Fine Cigars.

MADE UP BY 'PHONE.

I don't profess to be able to see farther into a brick wall than my neighbors, but it really required no extraordinary degree of intelligence to perceive that my nephew Gerald was very much in love with little Amy Creswell.

I wasn't, therefore, in the least surprised the other evening, soon after we arrived at the Willards' to dinner, to hear the Creswells announced, and I laughed in my sleeve when I called to mind the sudden eagerness which my nephew had shown in calling on the Willards when he found out that they were friends of the Creswells.

That Gerald was no exception to the ordinary run of lovers I soon had cause to realize, for he and Amy Creswell had a tiff at dinner that very evening, which, but for a happy inspiration on the part of the writer of this simple tale, might have ended in their permanent estrangement. It was all on account of a certain Capt. Lachmere, of whom Gerald didn't happen to approve, and who had been for some time paying marked attentions to Miss Amy Creswell.

That young lady didn't really care a button for the man in question, but she not unnaturally resented any attempt on Gerald's part to put a stop to her intimacy with him. And so it came to pass that, before dinner was half over, these two young people were engaged in as pretty a little quarrel as you could well wish to see.

Of course, neither of them supposed for an instant that I or anybody else had heard a word of their dispute, but in the course of an acquaintance with what is so appropriately termed "polite society," one acquires the valuable knack of carrying on a conversation with one person while one's attention is really mainly occupied with something which is going on elsewhere.

"You are perfectly right, Miss Creswell," said Gerald stiffly. "I had no business to say what I did about a gentleman who appears to be such a particular friend of yours. Please consider my remarks as withdrawn." And with this he turned to his right-hand neighbor, May Walshe, and commenced to chatter with a really surprising degree of animation.

Poor little Miss Creswell was for the moment placed at a disadvantage, for it was rather a forlorn hope for her to attempt to make Gerald jealous by commencing a flirtation with me; but there happened to be nobody else available at the moment.

I laughed in my sleeve when this mere child, whom I remembered in short frocks, opened her feigned attack upon me; but I conscientiously did my best to help the situation along handsomely, and I really felt quite gratified when presently I observed that Gerald's animated conversation with Miss Walshe was beginning to flag, and that he was casting glances of unmistakable surprise and annoyance in my direction.

"Ah, my dear Miss Amy," I murmured, with a well-simulated sigh, "we old bachelors miss a great deal in life. What would I not give to be once again my nephew's age! I should know how to use my opportunities."

"But you aren't really a bit old; and, besides, men never understand us a bit until they have had 20 years' experience of the world."

"I fear that we never really understand you thoroughly," said I. "The study of your charming sex is like the study of a book, each page of which requires pages and pages of explanatory notes."

"Have you read much of the book?" asked Amy, with a little side glance out of the corner of her gray eyes.

"I never got further than the first chapter," I replied, with a sigh.

"And what did you find to prevent you from getting further?"

"I found that 20 different women might possess 20 different sets of charming qualities, all so deliciously attractive and so eminently desirable that, for the life of me, I could not make up my mind to content myself with any one of the dear creatures to the exclusion of the rest; I am obliged to remain a forlorn old bachelor—I love too much to love exclusively."

"I think you put that rather nicely," said Amy reflectively; "but isn't it only a pretty excuse for a man's inconstancy?"

"My dear young lady," said I laughing, "constancy is only another name for narrow-mindedness. Suppose, for instance, that I had been married 10 years ago, what would have been my position at the present moment?"

"I don't quite understand, Mr. Steevens."

"Miss Creswell is evidently unaware of her own attractions," said I; "there is a marginal note, destructive to previous attachments, against your name in the book of which I was speaking."

"What about men from a woman's point of view?" she continued presently. "Are you men such paragons that we poor women must be satisfied with a share of one of you?"

"There are not enough to go round," I murmured.

"Suppose, now, that we started the theory that no man possessed more than one or two of the many virtues which a perfect man should possess?" continued Amy, ignoring my interruption.

"That's just the difficulty," said I. "We are all so sadly unequal to the requirements of the case. Either we are too young or too old, too tall or too short, too amiable or too exacting, too ardent or too cold, too ugly or not handsome enough."

"And you yourself, Mr. Steevens?"

"I fear," said I, with a regretful glance at my pretty companion, "that in these days most ladies consider me too old for anything but a stop-gap."

"And how do you yourself feel on that point?"

"Upon my word, when I talk to you I almost begin to feel that you are right, and that I am not so very old after all."

"It's a pleasant illusion, Mr. Steevens."

"It has its drawbacks."

"Which are—!" said Amy, raising her prettily arched eyebrows.

"My nephew is one of them just now," said I, glancing at Gerald; and, in truth the boy's rueful countenance did rather take the edge off my appreciation of the situation.

"He's horribly cross to-night," said Amy, "and it serves him right!"

"Tell me," said I, suddenly, looking full at my little neighbor, "does it give you pleasure to make him unhappy?"

Poor little Amy's lip quivered, but she replied, "He shouldn't have been so horrid about Capt. Lachmere."

"I have no doubt Capt. Lachmere is a very charming man," said I; "but—"

"I hate him!" said Amy, pouting; "and if your nephew had any sense he would know that."

"Of course he ought to, especially as you said the gentleman was one of your particular friends, and that you liked him so much?"

"You mustn't take everything which a woman says about one man to another too literally."

"It is perhaps wise to allow a liberal discount," I agreed.

"What a delightful girl that little Miss Creswell is!" said I to my nephew as we were driving home.

"So you appeared to think," said Gerald drily. "For my part I hate all women."

"At your age, my dear boy, such sentiments are really incomprehensible."

"She's a heartless little flirt," replied Gerald fiercely, "and I've done with her."

For the next few days Gerald acted upon this resolve, and certainly during that time he was not altogether a desirable companion.

Here were two foolish young people, genuinely fond of one another, and yet determined to quarrel about a perfectly trivial matter, simply because both were too proud to make the first overtures to bring about a reconciliation.

After four or five days of this kind of thing, I came to the conclusion that it was desirable for me to do something to help matters along a little, as anything would be better than the continuation of the existing state of affairs.

I thought the matter over carefully one night, as I smoked my usual after-dinner cigar, and by the time I had finished my weed I had decided upon my plan of campaign.

"What are your plans for to-morrow, Gerald?" said I.

"I haven't any," replied my nephew moodily.

"Well, then, you might come with me and leave a card at the Willards'; we haven't been near the house since we dined there last Wednesday.

It really was a striking instance of self-sacrifice on the part of an old fogy; for I hadn't the slightest personal desire to go out that night.

When I arrived at the club I went straight to the telephone-cupboard and rang up the hotel Albermarle. Miss Creswell was "at home."

"Could she speak to Mr. Steevens?"

I had made up my mind to attempt a maneuver which required some little finesse for the securing of its success. Presently Miss Amy's voice came faintly along the wire—"Yes; who is it?"

"Is that you, Amy?" I replied boldly.

"Yes; who are you?"

"Gerald Steevens," said I, with mental reservations.

I fancied that I heard a little exclamation of pleased surprise, but whether this was so or not I could not be positively certain; however, the next sentence was spoken in tones of perfect unconcern.

"What is it that you have to say to me, Mr. Steevens?"

"O, Amy," I replied, in the most beseeching tones I could muster, "don't speak to me like that; I've been so miserable ever since we quarreled the other night!"

"That only serves you right," came clearly through the ear-trumpet; but I fancied I caught two little words in a much lower tone, that sounded like "Poor boy!"

"But, Amy," I continued, "don't be so cruel as to say that you won't forgive me, for it was only because I am so fond of you that I was so rude the other evening."

"Well, Gerald, you were rather horrid, I think; but, if you will promise never to be unkind to me again, I will forgive you for this once."

"I promise," said I; "but I wish we could kiss and make friends."

"That would hardly be proper, I'm afraid; besides, you see, you could only kiss my ear, which would not be very satisfactory, would it? And how do I know that you are the only person at your end of the wire?"

"I swear there's nobody except myself," said I equivocally; "besides, you might put the trumpet to your lips."

"I shall ring off if you say another word."

"Don't do that," I entreated; "the operator might intercept my message."

"Well, then, you must not talk nonsense."

"I was never more serious in my life," I replied; and really it was rather a serious situation for an old bachelor getting on for 50 to be talking nonsense at one end of a wire, with a charming girl of 18 at the other.

"I shall be calling on the Willards to-morrow afternoon," said I.

"I hope you will find your visit amusing."

"I shall if somebody else happens to be there."

"Somebody else will think it over, perhaps, though it would serve another somebody else right if she didn't."

"But we are friends again now, Amy?" said I, tenderly.

"It would serve you right if I said no, Gerald, after the way you flirted with Miss Walshe the other night."

"But you were just as bad with my uncle Jack," said I.

"I will never do it again, Gerald; but he's an old dear, and I think he will forgive me. Don't you?"

"Possibly," said I, laughing.

"Tell me, Gerald, have you really been unhappy because of our little tiff?"

"Miserable! And you?"

"It's very vain of you to ask that question, Gerald; but perhaps I have been a little bit sorry?"

"Then, Amy, do you love me just a wee scrap?"

"That's a very improper question to ask a girl through the telephone; in fact, I think the whole of this conversation is very incorrect, and if you ever breathe a syllable about it to anybody, I'll never speak to you again."

"Good night, dearest."

I could have sworn that the soft little sound which followed Miss Amy's good night was not caused by the hanging up of the ear-trumpet.

I walked slowly home.

"There's no fool like an old fool," I thought, as I felt about with my latch key for the keyhole; "unless it's a young fool," I mentally added, a moment later, as I observed poor Gerald gazing disconsolately into the dying embers of the fire.

"Where have you been during the last hour?" said Gerald presently.

"I have been making love to a charming girl," said I cheerfully.

Gerald was rude enough to laugh.

"And I flatter myself that she wasn't altogether displeased with the performance," I added, with a self-satisfied air. "As for you, you young dog!" I proceeded severely, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself. What business have you to be sulking here at home while a pretty girl has been wearing the willow for the last week on your account?"

"How do you know that?" said Gerald, with the nearest approach to cheerfulness which I had observed in him for some days.

"A particular friend of hers told me that it was so," said I; "but if you ever dare to let her know that I told you, I'll disinherit you, as sure as my name is Jack Steevens!"

A week later their engagement was publicly announced.

The best of it is that, to this day, each believes that the other took the first step toward a reconciliation.

The Parisian Cabby.

The Paris cabby is not merely an institution, he is a social treasure. He can be as drunk as a lord, as witty as the boulevardier, the worst scamp in Christendom, and in all capacities he is the stranger's best guide, philosopher and friend. Get on the right side of a cabby and he'll tell his passenger anything from a state secret to the latest Parisian scandal. As a cicerone he is invaluable, because, having a fund of "fairy tales" at command, he is never at a loss to answer any question the stranger asks. The other day a facre stopped in front of the Column Vendome, and a certain Bostonian put his head out of the door to inquire of his jehu what the column might be. Cabby, perched on the box, calmly replied: "Oh, that? That is the Column Vendome, which the communards pulled down to make into cannons!" an answer that so tickled Yankee humor cabby got an extra pour boire for his "bull" or his impudence.

IKE'S GENEROSITY.

By Thomas P. Montfort.

Ike Dawson furnished a living example of the truth of the idea that there is something good in everybody. He illustrated the fact that there was something good in himself, and after that those who knew him were quite ready to believe that there was not a human being who was altogether bad.

Dawson was not a cowboy, yet there was not a man who was better known on the range from one side of Kansas to the other. He owned no ranch, he neither bought nor reared any cattle, yet he was one of the most thrifty cattle dealers on the plains.

In plain words he was a cattle thief. He and four or five others formed a little band who thrived by stealing cattle from different herds and selling them to buyers who were not over scrupulous. Having got them at little expense he could afford to sell them cheap and consequently he had little trouble in finding purchasers.

Naturally, the cattlemen had no love for Dawson. They did not admire his style of business. He was nervy, progressive and energetic, and that was all right; but his loose way of accumulating property at the expense of other people was quite a different thing. That was not all right.

The cowboys had it in for Dawson, and if they could ever get hold of him they would have forced him into involuntary retirement in short order. He would have made a more or less graceful exit from business at the end of a rope, following the example of more than one enterprising gentleman who had retired promptly and permanently from illegitimate cattle dealing on short notice.

Dawson was well aware of the feelings the cowboys entertained for him, and he made it a point to keep as much as possible out of their way. However, there were times when his business interests brought him into pretty close contact with them, and frequently he had a pretty narrow squeak for his life.

On more than one occasion he was chased across the prairie by a gang of irate cowboys, his horse keeping time to the rapid firing of pistols while bullets whizzed about his head like an army of angry hornets. But he always rode the fleetest steed that could be had, and he was not long in leaving his pursuers a safe distance in the rear.

It was during one of these flights from a gang of vengeful cowboys that Dawson did a generous thing, bringing sunlight and gladness into three dark and miserable lives. It was an act which showed that, in spite of all his faults, there was still burning in his bosom a spark of true humanity.

He had just eluded his pursuers and seen them give up the chase and turn back when he came upon an old, rickety covered wagon standing at the edge of a belt of timber near a little water course. He was about to pass on without giving the wagon more than a cursory glance when suddenly there came to his ears a long, low, pitiful moan that told too plainly a story of deep mental anguish. Involuntarily he stopped and listened and after the lapse of a moment the moan was repeated, only this time it was more pitiful, more pathetic than ever.

As hard as Dawson was that moan touched his heart and stirred it strangely. Without hesitation he dismounted and walked to the wagon and raising the cover cautiously looked in. One glance was enough. It revealed to him a sad and touching picture.

Stretched on a bed of straw at one end of the wagon was the lifeless form of a poor emaciated woman while huddled together near her, gazing agonizingly on her cold features, were a man and two little children. The living were almost as pale and hollow-eyed as the dead.

Dawson drew away from the wagon to a little distance and for two or three minutes stood deeply engrossed in thought. A remarkable change had come over his features and instead of the hard, cold, wicked expression that was natural to him, there was a softness and a gentleness in his eyes and face that was entirely new.

"Poor woman," he muttered at last with a sigh. "Poor little kids!" he added after a pause.

He went back to the wagon and reaching in touched the man on the shoulder.

"Come out here a moment," he said softly. "I want to speak with you."

The man got up slowly and stiffly and climbed down from the wagon. Dawson noticed that he was very frail and that he reeled and staggered as he walked.

"What do you want with me?" he asked of Dawson.

"That is your wife in there?" the latter replied questioningly.

The man nodded.

"When did she die?"

"About an hour ago."

"Malaria?"

"Yes; she's been sick a long time, and I'd started east with her. I got here yesterday and stopped. She had taken worse and I could go no further. I got a doctor last night, but he could not help her, and this morning she died."

"What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know."

"You'll have to bury her."

"Yes, I know."

"Have you any money?"

"Not a cent."

"Humph!"

"The doctor said I would have to apply to the county and have her buried as a pauper. I don't like to do that though, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"I might sell the wagon and horses for enough, but they are all I have left, and I don't know what would become of the children."

"No, it won't do to sell your team. The children are sick, ain't they?"

"Yes, and the doctor said that if I didn't get them into a healthier climate they would not live long."

"I believe him. They are terribly peaked and hollow-eyed. And you don't look much better, either."

"I'm not. I have been sick for months. That's why we have nothing. I took up a claim, but was not able to raise a crop, so what money I had was spent and we had nothing to live on."

"You are in a pretty tough row, it seems to me."

"I am. The Lord only knows what is to become of those poor little children. They are hungry now, and I don't know when or where they will get any food. If I could work I might earn something for them, but I can't work. I am so weak that I can scarcely stand on my feet."

"Have you had any breakfast?"

"No."

"Did you have food yesterday?"

"Yes, just a bite or two of bread."

"Humph! No wonder you are weak."

"There was only a little food left; and the children cried for it. I couldn't eat it up from them."

"Of course not."

Dawson put his hand in his pocket and drew out a five dollar bill.

"Here," he said, "take this. It will buy you something to eat for the present."

The man took the bill. There were tears in his eyes, and when he spoke his voice trembled.

"God bless you!" he said. "You are a good Christian."

Dawson started and turned pale. Then he came very near laughing, but remembering that death was near, he refrained from it. It was the first time for many years that anyone had spoken to him like that. [illegible] he had been [illegible] turned and walked [illegible] had left his horse. He started to mount, hesitated an instant, then sprang into his saddle. But he did not ride away. He took a scrap of paper from his pocket, put something in it and rolled it up close. Then he rode back to the man and handed him the little parcel.

"You will find something in that," he said. "You called me a Christian, something I am farther from being than any man on earth, but somehow it seems good to know that somebody thinks better of me than I deserve. Take this paper and what it contains. It is yours."

He whirled his horse about and dashed away. The man opened the paper and inside of it he found a hundred-dollar bill. He looked at the money for a moment in blank astonishment, then he raised his head and looked after Dawson. The latter was away out on the prairie galloping madly to the westward.

The man's eyes filled with tears, and in feeble but joyous tones he cried:

"Thank God! This will save the lives of my little ones! Bless the man who gave it to me!"

That man had heard of Ike Dawson, the noted cattle thief, but he had no idea that it was to him he owed the lives of his children and of himself. But had he known the truth he would have blessed him just the same.

Surprising Facts About Alcohol.

Scientific investigators in Germany and Russia recently have been conducting an inquiry respecting alcohol in its relation to dietetics. They have obtained data which seem to point to the very surprising conclusion that alcohol is actually a food, notwithstanding the belief which has long existed to the contrary. Both men and women were employed in these experiments, doses of alcohol sufficient to induce slight intoxication being given to them.

It is found that alcohol takes the place of fat as a fuel, furnishing heat for the body. In small quantities it increases the appetite and helps digestion. But it over-stimulates the action of the heart, and decreases the power of the man to do work. It diminishes the requirement of food by lessening waste of tissue. These experiments were tried with brandy, claret, koumiss, and kephir. The last is a fermented beverage from cow's milk, prepared with a peculiar ferment, called kephir yeast.

Woman on a War Vessel.

There is one instance, and one only, on record since the days of Artemisia, the friend and ally of Alexander, concerning whose naval prowess Herodotus tells such wonderful stories, of a woman who has fought on board a man-of-war.

She was the wife of one of the gunners on Admiral Rodney's flagship and plied the trade of a bumboat woman.

It was during the war between France and England and their colonies, which in American history is known as the French and Indian war, and Rodney had charge of the fleet in defense of the English Channel.

During a hot engagement the Admiral noticed, to his great astonishment, that a woman was serving one of the guns and doing it well.

The fight was too severe to interfere at the moment, so that, the story goes, in spite of the flagrant breach of discipline the Admiral let her alone.

When the enemy had struck his colors he went to the woman and demanded:—

"What are you doing here?"

"Fighting the French, your honor. My husband is wounded and down in the cock-pit, and so I took his place: And why not, your honor? Do you think I'm afraid of the French?"

She was reprimanded very gently and sent ashore with ten guineas as a reward for her bravery.

Interesting Squibs.

Cloth of a pink tint is used in Russia to cover the coffin of a child or young person, crimson for a woman, and brown for a widow. In no case is black used.

A subterranean lake of hot water has been found near Boise City, Idaho. It is four hundred feet below the earth's surface, and the average temperature is one hundred and seventy degrees.

It is said that cowbells are produced only in four factories in the United States, and are made just the same as they were 100 years ago, and sound the same.

Still Use For Tinder Box and Flint.

The tinder box and flint are by no means to be accounted things of the past. Their manufacture is still carried on in the village of Brandon, on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk. The work is done in little sheds, often situated at the back of the townsfolks' cottages, a large demand for this primitive form of lighting being created by hot, damp climates, such as Africa, where matches cannot possibly be kept.

A Machine to Clean Carpets.

Carpets can be cleaned without removing them from the floor by a new machine which has metal strips set inside a casing to beat the carpet as the cleaner runs over the floor, a fan being mounted in the top of the casing to draw the dust into a water compartment which has an air passage covered by a moistened screen to retain the dust particles.

Fluid Bicycle Saddles.

In a new bicycle saddle a fluid-tight cushion is filled with glycerine or similar syrup and inclosed by a leather covering to make a flexible seat.

The Sultan and Our Missionaries.

The Porte has demanded the recall of two American Missionaries from the province of Aleppo, on the pretext that their mission is liable to cause disturbances. "The sick man of Europe" is as unreasonable as his political health is feeble. As a bright contrast to his obstinacy and stupidity, the people of America are acknowledging far and wide the beneficence of the mission of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, namely, to relieve and prevent malaria, rheumatism and kidney complaint, chronic dyspepsia, constipation and liver trouble. The nervous, the weak and the infirm derive inestimable benefit from its use, and it greatly mitigates the weakness and infirmities which are specially incident to advancing years.

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure. This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits; 75 cents. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Smethport.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. [illegible] Cascarets, [illegible] 10c, 25c, 50c.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

JUST A WOMAN.

[illegible] the part of a [illegible] being the [illegible] which woman's thoughts are continually [illegible]

Mrs. Overing, the six-months wife, was at home to her friends, and there the discussion began.

"Why, Winifred!" said a beautiful dark woman close by, "you of all people, whom we all envy, adored and adoring, what can you know of that grim monster, jealousy?"

Winifred Overing gave her a long, quiet look, and then turned her eyes down and played with the suede gloves on her knee.

"The question is," said the dark woman, "the vital question is, how can we keep our husbands without making scenes? Now, I maintain that a man rather enjoys his wife making him a jealous scene. It convinces him of her love, and it warns him not to go too far. Look at Cranboro——"

"Don't let us be personal," said Winifred.

"Oh, I don't mind," said Lady Cranboro boldly. "There is Cranboro—he's my slave, and the more I bully him the more he likes it. Now that is because I would have my own way. Now you, Winnie, if Gerald Overing did anything naughty, would just mope about and pine away, and he would go from bad to worse."

Mrs. Overing evidently resented the personalities which were being dragged into the conversation, for she would not follow it up—in that strain.

"I think," she said, playing with a thin diamond chain round her neck, "you are all wrong. There can be love without jealousy—at any rate, that would be my sort of love, founded on the rock of mutual self-respect, if that is not too high-flown a thing to say."

"Love founded on a rock!" cried Muriel Cranboro. "Founders on a good many rocks, you mean, dear," and the laugh was against Mrs. Overing.

* * *

Winifred was alone on the balcony waiting for Gerald Overing to come back from work when the gleam of white struck her eyes. She bent forward and picked up a note lying to her hand. "Fancy my leaving Gerald's letter lying about like this," she mused. "I wonder how I dropped it."

She turned it about and two words caught her eye. Then she read it through.

When Gerald Overing came in she handed it quietly back to him. He took it, started, and stared at her.

"Good heaven!" he said.

"Yes. Muriel must have dropped it," replied his wife. "No one has seen it but I——"

There was silence. Then he turned on her.

"Well, go on!" he said. "Abuse me. Of course I know I deserve it. Don't sit there like a martyr."

"There's nothing to abuse you for that I can see," said the girl, composedly. "It's rather a blow, of course. But * * * I suppose if it's happened, it's happened. I always thought I was too great a fool to make you happy long. It might have lasted longer, certainly—but of course you know you are safe with me."

"Well, of all the extraordinary women!" said Gerald Overing. He caught her by the shoulders.

"Do or don't you care?" he asked.

"I must go and dress for dinner," said his wife. She looked fair and young in the twilight, and rather pale. For a moment her husband stood looking into her eyes, and then he pushed her away almost roughly and left her.

In his dressing room the full meaning of it dawned upon him: "She is a woman in ten-thousand," he said. "If she only cared I would never look at another woman again." He was ready early and went to her room, which was across the corridor. No candles were lighted, and no French maid was in attendance, but by the bed he saw her lying, as if she had fallen in crossing the room. Lifting her, he saw she had fainted, so he laid her gently on the bed.

"And I thought she did not care!" he said to himself.

When she came back to herself again he was bending over her, heaping her with every fond word he could think of.

"It was nothing, sweet. Only the beginning of a folly. Shall I confess it all, Winnie?"

"No! no! I quite believe you, Gerald."

"Still, I think you were jealous," he said tenderly.

The conversation of the afternoon rushed back to her mind.

"No. Not jealous," she said, "only—only—"

"Only what?"

"Only I love you."—Ladies' Realm.

Truth's Tersely Told.

Truth is the secret of eloquence.

The best-known remedy for laziness is to go to work.

If good resolutions could furnish wings everybody would fly.

You cannot tell by the size of the tree how the apples will taste.

The gift of silence is often more valuable than the gift of speech.

It is not our failures that ruin us, but our fear and tardiness in making new beginnings after failure.

Missouri's Handsome Girl.

Miss Pearl Listebarger, a former Missouri girl, has been chosen as the most beautiful girl in Iowa to represent the State at the Omaha Exposition. Her portrait will be on a State souvenir which will be distributed at the exposition.

A Sure Thing for You.

A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, furred tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box to-day; 10c, 25c, 50c. Sample and booklet free. All druggists.

T. F. Anthony, Ex-Postmaster of Promise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of Mystic Cure for Rheumatism, and two doses of it did me more good than any medicine I ever took." Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport.

Itch on human, mange on horses, dogs and all stock, cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fails. Sold by A. B. Armstrong, Druggist, Smethport, Pa.

Thousands of persons have been cured of piles by using DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It heals promptly and cures eczema and all skin diseases. A. B. Armstrong & Co., druggists.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

ST. MARYS & SOUTHWESTERN R. R.

To take effect at 3 o'clock a.m., Monday, August 2, 1897.

South			Stations		North	
2.20	......		Clermont		1.55	......
2.24	......		Chatham		1.40	......
3.05	......		Whitwood		1.18	......
3.03	......		North Fork		1.08	......
3.11	......		Kay Fork		12.53	......
3.25	......		Gray Gables		12.32	......
3.30	......	Ar	St. Marys	Lv	12.15	......
	3.30	Lv		Ar	11.50	7.55
3.35	7.15		Kane		10.35	7.20
3.42	7.22		Dubois		10.30	6.45
3.53	7.35		Grell		10.15	6.35
3.55	7.52		Gillen		10.20	6.25
4.05	8.05		Faine		10.25	6.20
4.10	8.15		Centreville		10.10	6.10
[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]		[illegible]		[illegible]	[illegible]

TOOK CHARGE OF THE SHIP.

[illegible] to the [illegible] he told him for a [illegible] to the famous zoological garden at Antwerp. Some time afterward the director of the "zoo" received a frantic message from the captain of a ship which had just come into the harbor, saying that he had on board a tiger consigned to the director, but that the animal had several days before escaped from his cage and was at large on the deck. The captain had succeeded in getting a sort of barricade erected across the deck, so that the sailors could go aloft and do other necessary work. But the whole ship's company was under the terror of the animal.

The director went with all haste to the water side, and saw in the distance the ship, which was, indeed, bringing to him the splendid tiger of the British lord. But the tiger was in charge of the ship rather than the reverse. He could be seen pacing the deck in a superb and lordly way that indicated the consciousness of possession. Not a man was to be seen on board.

The director had the ship brought up to the wharf. The tide was low and the deck was so far below the level of the wharf that there seemed to be no danger of the tiger escaping to land. The director got into communication with the captain through a port hole, and was informed by him that men had been regularly sent aloft to let down meat to the tiger by a rope so that the beast was actually gorged with food. Nothing but overfeeding had kept the tiger from falling on some horses which were stabled on the deck, but the poor horses were in a place where no one dared to go to them, and had neither food nor water for several days.

The director and his assistants rigged a sort of cage or box with a drop door held up by a string, which they lowered to the deck of the ship, having first furnished it with tempting bits of fresh meat. But the tiger, after sniffing at these from the outside of the trap, walked contemptuously away. He did not want anything to eat.

Meantime the director said to the captain: "Why didn't you shoot the tiger rather than endanger the lives of your men?"

The captain laughed. "We should have been glad enough to shoot him," he said, "but we have no firearms on board."

The director was determined now to get the tiger off alive if he could. He drew up the trap and baited it with other sorts of provisions, but the tiger refused to go near them. A long time was spent in ineffectual attempts to coax the tiger into the trap. Meantime the tide rose, bringing the deck of the vessel almost up to the level of the wharf. The crowd took to flight. In a few minutes the beast could easily leap ashore. The prospect of having a royal Bengal tiger loose in the streets of Antwerp caused the police to warn the director that the animal must very soon be shot.

The director was at his wits' end, but a small street boy helped him out of the emergency by a very simple suggestion. This boy, who had not taken flight with the rest, said:

"The tiger isn't hungry, but perhaps he might be thirsty."

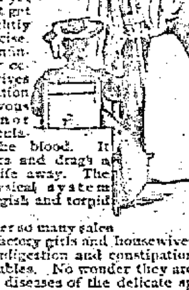
The suggestion was acted on instantly. A tub of water was placed in the cage and lowered to the deck. No sooner did the tiger, who had had no water for some time, see the tub than he rushed into the trap and began drinking eagerly. Then the door was dropped and he was a prisoner.

Farmers Are Clubable.

There are 300 farmers' clubs in Michigan, with a total membership of 20,000; and they are being urged to look sharply after the nominations for the State Legislature at the next election, and to see that they go to men who will care for the farmers' interests. It is proposed to have a club in every township.

Largest Mass of Salt.

The largest mass of pure salt in the world is in Galicia, Hungary. It is 550 miles long, twenty broad, and 250 feet in thickness.



Girls who have to stand on their feet most of the time work as hard as any day-laborer yet they do not get what is rightly called exercise. Close, confining, indoor occupation gives no exhilaration to the nervous system nor active circulation to the blood. It wears, tears and drags a woman's life away. The whole physical system grows sluggish and torpid under it.

No wonder so many sales girls and factory girls and housewives suffer from indigestion and constipation and bilious troubles. No wonder they are subject to the diseases of the delicate special organism of their sex. The wonder is rather that they can stand it as well as they do.

But "a poor weak woman," as she is termed, will endure bravely and patiently agonies which a strong man would give way under. The fact is women are more patient than they ought to be under such troubles.

Every woman ought to know that she may obtain the most eminent medical advice *free of charge* and in *absolute confidence* and privacy by writing to Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. Occupying this position for thirty years he has had a wider practical experience in the treatment of woman's diseases than any other physician in this country. His medicines are world-famous for their astonishing efficacy.

The most perfect remedy ever devised for weak and delicate women is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. His "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only permanent digestive and nutrient tonic. The two medicines taken alternately, form the most perfect and successful course of treatment ever prescribed for female troubles complicated with a sluggish, overwrought, nervous, diseased constitution. In severe constipation Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be occasionally taken with the others. They never gripe.

Bradford, Bordell and Kinzua Ry.

Time Table taking Effect June 5th, 1898.

LEAVE SMETHPORT.

3:10 A. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting with P. & W. Ry. for Foxburg, Butler and Pittsburg.

10:00 A. M.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane.

3:15 P. M.—Mail and Express, daily except Sunday, for Ormsby Junction, Simpson, Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane connecting at Kane with P. & R. train 4 for Wilcox, Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Emporium, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia—and at Bradford with Erie R. R. train to for Salamanca, Olean, Hornellsville Elmira and New York.

Trains arrive at Smethport, daily except Sunday, at 9:15 a. m., 4:20 p. m. and 6:30 p. m.

JNO. C. McKENNA,
Gen. Pas. Agent,
Bradford, Pa.

NOTICE.

To Commissioners and supervisors of McKean and adjoining counties. I am now prepared to furnish iron and steel bridges of any size or duplicate any bridge, do stone work and complete entire structure. Will furnish plans and specifications on application.

A. RIDLEY, Contractor,
Smethport, Pa.

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Piano and Organ Instruction Books, Sheet Music, Needles, Oil and all kinds of Fixtures for all kinds of Sewing Machines. Mail orders will receive prompt attention.

Mr. F. W. Burdick, Piano tuner of Olean, N. Y., will visit Smethport every three months. Please leave orders at my office.

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UNDERTAKING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

TRAVELER'S GUIDE

THE TABLE

WESTERN NEW YORK & PENNSYLVANIA

In effect April 10, 1898.

Trains leave Smethport for Larrabee, Eldred, Olean, Bradford, Rochester, [illegible] as follows:

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday [illegible] a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday [illegible] p. m.
Local for Olean, daily except Sunday [illegible] p. m.
*Train leaving Smethport 2:31 p. m. connects at Olean, with River Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont, and points south.
*Clermont Local, daily ex Sunday [illegible] a. m.
Clermont Acc'lon daily ex Sunday [illegible] p. m.
Clermont Acc'lon daily ex Sunday [illegible] p. m.
*Clermont Local connects through to Johnsonburg.

For Larrabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:
Mail, daily ex Sunday ..... 10:00 a. m.
Mail, daily ex Sunday connects at Emporium for Philadelphia [illegible] p. m.

Get Time Tables giving full information from A. E. WOMERS, Ticket Agent,
R. BELL, General Supt.,
J. A. FELLOWS, Gen. Pass. & [illegible]
General offices Mooney Brisbane [illegible], Main and Clinton st, Buffalo N. [illegible]

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE. In effect May 29, 1898.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION
EASTWARD.

8:25 a. m.—Train 8, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York [illegible] p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington [illegible] p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, weekdays, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m., New York 7:33 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

8:40 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 6:52 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sunday) Baltimore 6:25 a. m., Washington 7:40 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger car from Erie to Philadelphia, and Williamsport to Baltimore. Passengers in sleeper for Baltimore and Washington will be transferred into Washington sleeper at Williamsport.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 9, weekdays, for Erie, Ridgway, DuBois Clermont and intermediate stations.
10:35 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.
6:25 p. m.—Train 15, weekdays, for Kane and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS for EMPORIUM JUNCTION FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 9 leaves New York 6:50 p. m., Philadelphia 8:50 p. m., Washington 7:20 p. m., Baltimore 8:40 p. m., arriving at Emporium Junction 5:10 a. m. weekdays, with Pullman sleepers and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and from Washington and Baltimore to Williamsport.

Train 3, leaves New York 7:40 p. m., Philadelphia 11:20 p. m., Washington 10:40 p. m., Baltimore 11:50 p. m., daily arriving at Emporium Junction 10:35 a. m., with Pullman sleeping cars from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Philadelphia to Erie and Baltimore to Williamsport. On Sundays only, Pullman sleeper Philadelphia to Erie.

Train 15 leaves Philadelphia 8:30 a. m., Washington 7:50 a. m., Baltimore 8:50 a. m., Wilkesbarre 10:15 a. m., weekdays, arriving at Emporium Junction 6:25 p. m. with Pullman Parlor car from Philadelphia to Williamsport and passenger coaches from Phila to Kane.

JOHNSONBURG RAILROAD.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS.	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. A. M.
8 55	Ridgway	[illegible]
9 10	Johnsonburg	[illegible]
9 20	Bendigo	[illegible]
9 26	Glen Hazel	[illegible]
9 36	Straight	[illegible]
9 41	Instanter	[illegible]
9 46	Smith's Run	[illegible]
9 53	Woodvale	[illegible]
10 00	Clermont	[illegible]
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:43 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:10 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

J. R. HUTCHINSON, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passenger Agt.

Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburgh Railway

THE SHORT LINE

On and after July 3, 1898, passenger trains between Buffalo, Rochester, Salamanca, Bradford, Ridgway, DuBois, Punxsutawney and the Coal and Lumber Regions of Pennsylvania will leave Bradford and Mt. Jewett daily except Sunday, as follows:

LEAVE BRADFORD—EAST-BOUND.

8.10 a. m.—Buffalo & Rochester Express for Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Cowlesville, Buffalo, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy and Rochester.

1.50 p. m.—Mail—For Salamanca, Ellicottville, Machias, Gainesville, Silver Springs, Warsaw, LeRoy, and Rochester.

4.25 p. m.—Buffalo Express—Daily. For Limestone, Carrollton, Salamanca, Ellicottville, Springville, Cowlesville and Buffalo.

LEAVE MT. JEWETT—SOUTH-BOUND.

7.57 a. m.—Accommodation—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

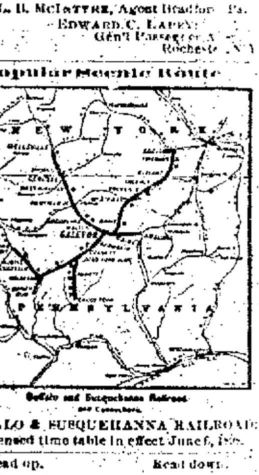
1.41 p. m.—Mail—For Johnsonburg, Ridgway, Brockwayville, DuBois and Punxsutawney.

Thousand Mile Tickets, good for passage between all stations, at two cents per mile.

For time tables and full information call on or address any of the Company's agents, or

L. B. McINTYRE, Agent Bradford, Pa.
EDWARD C. LAPEY,
Gen'l Passenger Agt.,
Rochester, N. Y.

Popular Scenic Route



Buffalo and Susquehanna Railroad and Connections.

BUFFALO & SUSQUEHANNA RAILROAD.

Condensed time table in effect June 6, 1898.

Read up.					Read down.		
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.			A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
6.55	7.38	12.25	ar Keating S't lv			12.40	[illegible]
8.10	7.38	12.00	Austin		6.40	1.05	[illegible]
	7.09	11.53	Costello		6.47	1.12	
	6.46	11.41	Wharton		6.59	1.24	
	6.09	10.56	Cross Fork Jct		7.41	2.09	
	5.31	10.29	Corbett		8.11	2.35	
	5.20	10.18	Germania		8.22	2.47	
	5.13	10.12 lv	Galeton	ar	8.28		
P.M.	A.M.						
7.10	12.55	10.00 ar		lv	8.34	2.51	
6.55	12.41	9.42	Gaines		8.52	3.08	
6.50	12.17	9.16	Sabinsville		9.31	3.35	
6.19	12.06	8.52	Westfield		9.53	3.45	
6.05	11.50	8.31	Knoxville		9.47	3.59	
5.55	11.41	8.07	Osceola		9.58	4.00	
5.51	11.36	7.58	Elkland		10.03	4.11	
5.15	11.05	7.15 lv	Addison ar		10.34	4.45	
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.			A.M.	P.M.	
	P.M.	A.M.			A.M.	P.M.	
	5.10	11.00 ar	Galeton	lv	6.30	1.05	
	4.51	9.41	Walton		6.47	1.24	
	4.21	9.17	Newfield Jct.		7.12	1.52	
	4.09	8.59	West Bingham		7.36	2.10	
	3.58	8.48	Genesee		7.47	2.18	
	3.53	8.43	Shongo		7.46	2.21	
	3.50	8.20 lv	Wellsville	ar	8.01	2.46	
	P.M.	A.M.			A.M.	P.M.	
	4.40	10.10 ar	Galeton	lv	8.25	2.59	
	4.35	9.58	Gaines		8.43	2.25	
	3.50	9.38 lv	Ansonia	ar	9.18	3.06	
	P.M.	A.M.					
	2.00	7.30 ar	Cross Fork Jct lv		11.00	6.06	
	1.00	6.30 lv	Cross Fork ar		12.00	7.00	

All trains daily except Sunday.

CONNECTIONS.

At Keating S't with W. N. Y. & P. union station.
At Ansonia with F. B. R'y union station.
At Fewfield Jct. with C. & P. A. union station.
At Genesee with N. Y. & P. union station.
At Addison with Erie R. R. union station.
At Wellsville with Erie R. R.

H. C. UNDERHILL, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Buffalo, N.Y.
C. W. GOODYEAR, Gen'l Manager, Buffalo, N.Y.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY Railroad Time Table, takes effect Monday June 13, 1898.

AR. EASTW'D.			STATIONS.	LV. WEST'D.		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
8.40	7.18	2.10	Ulysses	7.31	2.30	[illegible]
8.27	7.10	1.59	Crowell	7.38	2.35	[illegible]
8.23		1.56	Carpenter		2.40	[illegible]
8.10		1.53	Perkins		2.45	[illegible]
8.15	7.02	1.50	N'w'fd Jct'n	7.47	2.50	[illegible]
		1.48	Newfield	7.51	2.55	[illegible]
7.55	6.64	1.41	Gold	7.55	3.00	[illegible]
7.20	6.49	1.35	Raymond	7.59	3.05	[illegible]
7.15	6.59	1.24	Seven Bridge's	8.11	3.11	[illegible]
7.10	6.59	1.21	Colesburg	8.15	3.14	[illegible]
7.00	6.39	1.14	Frink's	8.22	3.20	[illegible]
6.50		1.05	Nor. C'port		3.30	[illegible]
6.45	6.15	1.00		8.45	3.40	[illegible]
4.30	7.57	12.55	Coudersport	8.47	3.50	[illegible]
		12.50	Hammond			
4.05	7.5	12.44	Olmsted	8.56	4.00	[illegible]
3.56	7.49	12.40	Mina	9.00	4.05	[illegible]
3.46		12.33	Knowlton		4.15	
3.40	7.36	12.30	Roulette	9.10	4.20	[illegible]
3.30	7.29	12.22	Burtville	9.20	4.29	[illegible]
3.23		12.15	Coleman		4.35	
3.20			Chemical Works			
3.15	7.18	12.10	Port Allegany	9.30	4.45	[illegible]
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	Dep't. Arrive	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. McCLURE, Supt.

NEW
WAGON and CARRIAGE
SHOP.

Having purchased the wood work department of C. W. Lilgendahl, I am prepared to do all kinds of

WAGON and CARRIAGE WORK.

CARRIAGE PAINTING done in latest style.

JOHN SERVATIUS, Smethport, Pa.